THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

IT would seem that the Fates are conspiring to smile upon Mr. Lloyd George.

English Developments

Not only did the Liberal candidate emerge victorious in a recent three-cornered by-election in Lancashire, but the triumph was gained in the teeth of internal dissension. On the eve of the polling Lord Ashton, himself a Liberal, came out in support of the Conservative candidate, launching a bitter personal attack on the little Welshman. The death of Lord Oxford will also strengthen Lloyd George's position in the Party; and recent changes in the newspaper world should help his career in the country at large.

On the first of February the *Westminster Gazette*, the only Liberal paper that stuck to Asquith in his last dispute with Lloyd George, merged with the *Daily News*, which now hopes to attain a circulation of one million and wield real power in behalf of the Liberal Party. Rothermere, too, who has been showing signs of increasing friendliness to Lloyd George, plans to spread his wings and invest several millions of pounds in a chain of evening newspapers in Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Birmingham, and Newcastle. It is by no means certain that these papers will support Lloyd George, but the *Daily Mail*, Rothermere's chief organ, has shown unmistakable signs of friendliness. Furthermore, it now seems that only a formidable coalition of Liberal, Labor, and disillusioned Conservative elements can prevent the Tories from returning to power next year.

The editor of the *Outlook* makes this astute comment apropos of Liberal dissensions: 'The unspoken thing behind all these attacks is that the Liberals do not trust their leader. They are unhappy about his record, they are unhappy about his fund, they are unhappy about his friends, and they are unhappy about his future. From time to time he answers direct criticisms, and harmony at least appears to be restored. But a man cannot answer a whispering gallery, and when he has once lost the trust of his followers I know not how he can recover it.'

Our United States continue to provide Britain with an inexhaustible fund of material for political comment. The *Spectator* undertakes to sympathize with the predicament into which it feels

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we are thrust in having to assume our share of the white man's burden. Other journals devote most of their energies to showing themselves not in the least deceived by the recent arbitration treaty, and they express the most swaggering cynicism in regard to its efficiency as a means of preventing war. As for Secretary Kellogg's proposal to abolish submarines, it is taken about as seriously as a 'Monkeyville' trial, the following paragraph from the *Saturday Review* being typical: —

'The pacific zeal of the United States is indefatigable. Close on the scheme for a universal outlawry of war follows her proposal to abolish submarines. Washington knows that this country is in favor of such a policy; it also knows that France, Italy, and Japan are, for obvious reasons, opposed to it. When Lord Balfour, for Great Britain, made the same proposal at the Washington Conference, the United States was not agreeable. There would seem to be little more practical value in her latest move than in that of the Soviet representative at Geneva last November, that all armies, navies, and air forces should be scrapped forthwith. The acquisition by this method of moral gain without material loss is easy, but not very valuable.'

Sir Austen Chamberlain's letter deploring the British film entitled 'Dawn,' which exploits the shooting of Nurse Cavell, has been described as the most important event since the Locarno Conference. A shrewd German commentator has remarked that the British Foreign Secretary's action may have transformed friction into good will. The Germans, however, showed themselves less tactful when they failed to send a representative to the funeral of Marshal Haig in Westminster Abbey. The *Outlook* offers the following comment: 'In neglecting to send a representative the new Germany has proved that she is no less maladroit than the old. The spectacle of, say, General von Kluck walking in procession with Marshal Foch and Lord Beatty would have proved to the world that the hatchet was buried once and for all, but the Berlin Government has failed to take advantage of an opportunity which can never recur. The whole affair evokes a comparison with the treatment of the Boer generals and of Admiral Cervera, and it says little for either the hearts or the heads of the present German ministers.'

The opening of Parliament has led the *New Statesman* to make an unusually hot attack on the Tories. A leading article, entitled 'The Nadir of Conservatism,' contained this passage: 'Conservatism to-day is bankrupt in plans, in imagination, and in public spirit. It has neither the fixed principles of the Labor Party to guide it, nor the reforming traditions of Liberalism to stimulate it. It is a sluggish mass of prejudice and vested interests, only stirred to activity by the fear of encroachment on its privileges or by the hope of adding to them. We do not deny, of course, that there are some Conservatives who are better than this. But they are not the men who sway the councils of their party, who badger Mr. Baldwin into doing the things that he ought not to do and leaving undone the things that he ought to do. The Conservative Party is dominated by "business men" whose prime concern is their own power and profits, and by crusted Tories who fear and hate democracy.'

News from India travels slowly, and since most of it emanates from British sources it cannot be accepted as gospel truth at any time. In regard to the present investigation by the Simon Commission, two things are obvious. The Indians themselves are in a state of considerable perturbation, and the out-

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side world probably does not appreciate the bitterness that lies behind recent manifestations there. On the other hand, the British Commission has been doing its best to show a conciliatory spirit. Sir John Simon has even, in the unconsciously admirable phrase of the *Saturday Review*, been 'going so far as to treat the Indian legislatures as if they were really parliaments.'

The boycotts appear to have been ineffective on the whole. The normal activity of the country and of foreigners was not seriously tied up, and beyond a little stone-throwing and jostling in Madras the arrival of the Simon party passed off quietly enough. The source of the trouble is that, since no natives are represented on the Commission, the Indians have refused even to participate in the Joint Free Conference that Sir John Simon proposed and that was to have consisted of seven British and seven native representatives. The *Daily Herald* blames Lord Birkenhead's high-handed methods for the unpleasant situation.

France and Germany

Stresemann's plea for Rhineland evacuation that we referred to in these columns in our last issue has been explained by the *Daily Telegraph's* diplomatic correspondent as the result of ex-Chancellor Wirth's visit to Paris. The former Chancellor now leads the Left Wing of the Centre, or Roman Catholic, Party, and while in Paris discovered that virtually all the French Radicals and Moderate Socialists insisted that any Allied evacuation of the Rhineland earlier than the Treaty dates should be conditional on Germany's acceptance of a permanent international commission of control under the auspices of the League.

On returning to Germany Dr. Wirth at once conferred with Stresemann and other German ministers, who decided, after consulting with Chancellor Marx, that no time should be lost in making it clear to France that no responsible German statesman would countenance such a deal as the French Radicals had suggested. Under these circumstances, Stresemann raised the issue.

In any case, the whole incident did not tend to improve Franco-German understanding. England, as usual, showed herself sympathetic to the German cause, her interests being vitally affected. For one thing, nine thousand British troops are still quartered along the Rhine, and for another, the strength of the Locarno guaranty to stand by France in case of German aggression seems to be heavily discounted if the French demand League supervision as well. Sisley Huddleston explains matters in the *New Statesman* in this manner: 'Yet when Dr. Stresemann, addressing himself particularly to M. Briand, plucked up his feeble courage to demand evacuation, he obtained an ambiguous reply. Indeed, for those who know their M. Briand, the reply was only too clear. There will be no evacuation — except at a high price. The Versailles Treaty was not harsh enough. It must be improved. If Germany wishes the Allied armies to go, she must place the Rhineland in perpetual subjection to an alien body known as the League of Nations. A Socialist, M. Paul-Boncour, is the chief French exponent of this monstrous scheme. Or she must not pay annuities to the Allies on account of Reparations — she must find and pay cash down immediately. If the Allies demobilize their troops, they must first "mobilize" their credits. M. Briand is the man in possession. He must be paid off, or he will make himself comfortable in the best armchair. He is in no hurry. Surely one heard "the man in possession" theory during the Ruhr occupation, and had hard words for it. That was before Locarno.'

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Two speeches, one by Poincaré on finance and the other by Briand on foreign policy, have set the tone for the coming French electoral campaign. Poincaré endeavored to prove that, once the franc is stabilized in effect, legal stabilization will follow, unless confidence is destroyed by a return of the Socialist and Socialist-Radical Opposition. Meanwhile 'Big Business' is at a standstill, and the view persists that a revival can only be expected once the elections are out of the way. M. Briand, for his part, succeeded in creating the impression that France was so united in its attitude toward German claims that the matter need not arise at the polls. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* sums up the French attitude in these words: 'The Germans have no claim by promise or treaty to unconditional evacuation. But the Rhineland occupation is guaranty for both security and the payment of Reparations. If security, including the interests of France's smaller Allies, can be guaranteed by some measure of disarmament and inspection, whether under the League or otherwise, the occupation could be ended at an earlier date than 1935 in exchange for a satisfactory settlement of Reparation debts.'

The swing to the Left in Germany which most people expect will mark the coming Reichstag elections again asserted itself in the balloting for the State Diet in Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Like several other State legislatures, the new Diet elected last July had to be dissolved owing to a recent Supreme Court decision. More than eighty per cent of the electorate voted, and the Socialists, who increased their total from fifteen thousand to nineteen thousand, gained one seat, partly at the expense of the Communists. The Nationalists maintained their ten thousand votes, but lost two seats owing to the heavier poll and the revival of 'splinter parties.' The Centrist Republicans have been strengthened, and in the new Diet they have nineteen seats out of thirty-five.

Central Europe

Dr. Beneš has reached an agreement with the Vatican on questions of religious policy in Czechoslovakia. Two commissions are to be appointed, one by the Government and the other by the Holy See, to arrange a new delimitation and endowment of dioceses in conformity with the frontiers of the country. Closer Church consolidation with the State may, *Vossische Zeitung* remarks, be effected when no Czech church property remains under the jurisdiction of a foreign bishop. Before appointing ecclesiastical dignitaries, moreover, the Vatican will ascertain whether the Government has any political objection, and all appointed dignitaries must take an oath of allegiance to Czechoslovakia.

Although foreign-press comment on the Polish elections is not yet available, the outcome will undoubtedly find no alteration in the present concentration of political power in the hands of the Prime Minister, Marshal Pilsudski, and the men of his choosing. Polling to fill the 444 seats in the Seym was held on March 4, and 111 senators were chosen on March 11. The campaign was waged along three lines — pro-Government, opposition from the Conservative Right, and opposition from the Radical Left. Political groups running candidates at the polls presented themselves to the electorate as either for or against Marshal Pilsudski, who entered the campaign with the avowed purpose of finding a Parliament capable of coöperating with him in consolidating the nation. During the past year the Government has developed its National list, 'the nonparty bloc for coöperating with the Government,' by detaching

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from the various parties elements favorably disposed to the dictator.

Austria is also afflicted with an approaching presidential election, for the second term of Dr. Michael Hainisch is nearing an end and he cannot constitutionally be elected a third time. The Social Democratic Opposition is unfavorable to either the present Finance Minister, Dr. Kienböck, or the President of Parliament, Herr Miklas, both of whom have been mentioned as possible candidates. Dr. Wettstein, who is professor of Botany at the University, has received the support of one Vienna journal because he has never compromised himself politically.

In answering Cheng Lo, acting President of the League Council, on the St. Gotthard incident, Count Bethlen denied the League of Nations' right to investigate the question. The Hungarian Premier asserted that he cannot stop the sale of scrap iron into which machine guns have been converted, but he will agree to request the purchasers of the scrap iron to allow such shipments to remain until the League can inspect them — a display of independence that comes just when Hungary has succeeded in putting an end to Interallied armament control. Foreign correspondents hard up for sensational material have magnified this whole affair unduly. The French, to be sure, fear that leniency toward Hungary may encourage the German reactionaries, but it is hard to see how such a small business can threaten the League's prestige as much as some people would like to have us think it does. The real issue is Franco-Italian rivalry in the Balkans, and, as we have suggested before, M. Beaumarchais, the new French Ambassador to Rome, may settle the whole matter amicably.

In rather a different category is the recent exchange of unpleasantries between Vienna and Rome apropos of the German population in the South Tyrol. A correspondent of the *Nation and Athenæum* writes from the spot describing a number of the incidents that have lately occurred there. In January, for instance, a distinguished barrister in the province of Trent who had taught German to a few poor children in his leisure hours was arrested in his office, carried in chains to the capital of the province, and banished for five years. Another teacher, with four motherless children, was arrested at the same time for the same offense, and suffered a similar fate. The *Nation and Athenæum's* correspondent sizes up the present state of affairs in this way: 'The peasants themselves, keen, like all Germans, for education, would willingly enough have learned Italian if their native tongue had been let alone. But the new Italianizers were concerned to uproot, not to educate. The German teachers were dismissed wholesale, however well they knew Italian, and Italians, chosen deliberately from the remote regions of the South, put in their place. Teaching under such conditions was at the best terribly wasteful, and often sheer chaos; while the teachers not seldom imported into these Alpine valleys had not only the mentality but the morals of Calabria and Sicily, and found relief from the noisy impasse of the classroom in affairs with the local carabinieri. The parents protested in vain, and a cry of indignant grief went up to the women of Germany from the mothers who saw their children, under the plea of an Italian education, being deprived of education altogether. It is already feared that the percentage of literates, now higher in South Tyrol than in any Italian province, may in a few years sink to the Italian average — probably, with Spain, the lowest in Western Europe.'

The Bulgarian Government's do-

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mestic policy has been approved by the Democratic Entente, and its leaders, Premier Liaptcheff, Foreign Minister Bouroff, and Professor Tsankoff, President of the Sobranje, have been reconciled. Just before the Council of the Democratic Entente concluded its meetings, resolutions were passed promising full support to the Liaptcheff Cabinet in reducing the subversive elements still at work within the country and proclaiming the peaceful aspirations of the Bulgarian nation in the sphere of foreign affairs. The Government is now seeking to establish cordial relations with neighboring countries and the Great Powers. Great Britain has lent her services in attempting to remove the causes of friction between Sofia and Belgrade by supplying the Bulgarian Foreign Office with a list of members of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization who are suspected by Yugoslavs of intending to cross from Bulgaria into Yugoslavian Macedonia in order to commit acts of violence.

The Balkans

Giornale d'Italia, ever suspicious of Belgrade, has accused France and Yugoslavia of concluding secret military and naval agreements. The substance of the charge seems to boil down to the fact that Yugoslavia is developing a submarine flotilla that may include no less than six ships in the near future. The principal unit of the Yugoslav navy at the present time is a former German cruiser. This boat displaces twenty-six hundred tons, but, since she was launched twenty-nine years ago, has already passed the limit of effective life. Italian opinion is also concerned about an alleged plan to improve the defenses of Cattaro — undoubtedly the finest harbor on the Adriatic, and the defense base of the Austro-Hungarian navy during the war.

The two thousand Fascisti whom Mussolini plans to send into South America for propaganda purposes may not enjoy the most cordial of receptions, according to the Rio de Janeiro correspondent of *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Although Fascism as an idea seems to have succeeded in the governments of dictator-presidents in Bolivia, Peru, and Chile, a large part of the Italian people whom Mussolini seeks to link more closely to the motherland do not favor the Duce's rule. This feeling had its inception when Italian ambassadors and ministers refused protection to reactionaries who organized shortly after the establishment of Fascism. Argentine newspapers, moreover, are distinctly hostile, charging Fascist societies with organizing and training an army for Italy within the Argentine.

Under the irreverent title, 'So Mike Borodin Was a Piker After All,' the *China Weekly Review* discusses the recent activities of General Frank Sutton, a British adventurer who served Chang Tso-lin in much the same way that Borodin served the Nationalists. What interests the *China Weekly Review* is how much each of these men took out of China, and, although it seems doubtful that the Soviet representative got away with much more than his own skin and a few motor trucks, there is no doubt that the Englishman did rather better. In an interview with the Shanghai *Times* he announced that he made no less than two and one-half million dollars, adding by way of explanation: 'It was not bad earning, but I had to work for it. I was the chief military adviser to Chang Tso-lin, and it was my responsibility to provide him with all his munitions. China is a wonderful country, but at the moment it is no place for an Englishman. There is one thing that I have learned from my five years in China, and that is that the "Yellow Peril" does not exist. There is no need to be fearful of China. The

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people are incapable of organizing. They have no directive ability, and a British division of troops could always march through China from one end to the other without trouble. I know, for I have been on the inside of the whole of the Chinese civil war.'

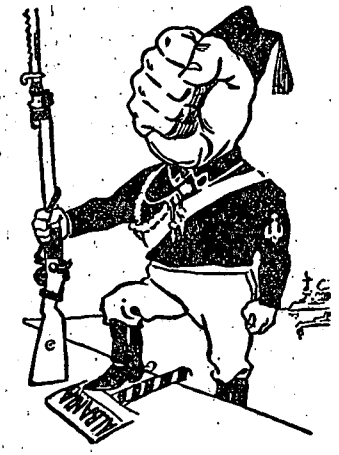
All three British parties having agreed that there is no firm or central government to be dealt with in China, Sir Austen Chamberlain still expresses the hope that he will be able to negotiate with some representative person or persons and conclude an arrangement whereby Englishmen can live and trade in China peacefully and profitably. Japan, on the other hand, is distinctly less optimistic. The London *Times* points out that the Japanese are much more intimately acquainted than any other foreign Power with the affairs of China, and that the view held in Tokyo official circles that China is more disorganized to-day than she was in 1926 cannot be overlooked.

The *New Statesman*, ostensibly a Radical paper, but fast becoming infected with imperialism, feels that the British should recognize the Nanking government at once. 'The first step,' says this journal, 'is to recognize the Nationalist government, not merely for what it is worth on the most cautious estimate, but for a little more than it appears to be worth, to get on cordial terms with it, and then to set to work, in coöperation with it, on those preliminary reforms that will culminate in a mutually satisfactory revision of the treaties. That is a policy which, as Sir Frederick Whyte suggests in his admirable series of articles in the *Times*, would be something better than correct diplomacy; it would be good diplomacy. And it could hardly seem imprudent to Sir Austen Chamberlain. For did he not say, more than a year ago, that we must "maintain harmonious relations with China without waiting for the establishment of a strong central government," and must try to negotiate treaty revision "with contending governments even in the midst of civil war"?'

TROTSKII IN EXILE

'Why don't you come, Trotskii?'
'I'm waiting for Stalin.'
Cyrano, Paris

ITALY'S MAILED FIST



FASCISM FACES THE BALKANS
Izvestia, Moscow

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BUSINESS ABROAD

SYMPTOMATIC of Britain's current mood of stocktaking is the bulky report *England* compiled by the Liberal Party in its desperate search for an economic programme of political value. The daily and weekly press spouted the usual columns of partisan comment, whereas the *Economist* attempted to show what was behind this 'sincere attempt to answer some of the questions most vital to our future welfare.' The Liberal Industrial Committee, who compiled the report, have raised the same question in respect to Great Britain that the Geneva Economic Conference raised in regard to Europe. This question briefly is whether the world will settle down to its pre-war economic condition even after monetary and political difficulties are solved.

The answer given in the report is that England must contemplate, not merely a change in the character of her export industries, but also a diminished total export both visible and invisible, and therefore a diminution of real export of capital. Since the problem of surplus labor is likely to arise, the report suggests a programme of national development in regard to housing, town planning, electrical development, and so on.

The *Statist* takes a less sympathetic view. The point this paper suggests is that the Liberal Party finds itself in a hopelessly contradictory position. The proverbial defender of individualism and *laissez faire* has to reconcile itself to approving certain reforms that smack strongly of Socialism and government control. The positive recommendations of the report include the transformation of the Bank of England into a semisocialized institution and the application of still higher direct taxes and increased death duties in order to provide a more even distribution of wealth. 'As put forward in the report,' says the *Statist*, 'this policy is tantamount to confiscation.'

Meanwhile the daily press has been in a state of jubilation over the 1927 balance of trade. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lester, President of the Board of Trade, announced that Great Britain's net trade credit was estimated at 96 million pounds for 1927, as against a seven-million-pound deficit the year before, owing, of course, to the coal strike. Invisible exports and the revival of the shipping industry explain the present condition, which, on the whole, is the most encouraging since the war. The London *Times* points out that these figures are only estimates, and that it is impossible to tell how many British securities foreigners living in London have purchased and how many Britishers buy foreign securities and home securities abroad.

The competition between railways and motor traffic that has already made itself felt in many parts of the United States is coming to a head in England also. The Transport Committee of the Federation of British Industries prophesies 'a situation of the gravest danger to the industrial and commercial interests of the country' if Parliament allows the railways to throttle all competition by running road traffic themselves. The Committee, on which every important trade in the country is represented, feels that the railways are themselves to blame for all their woes.

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The *Estates Gazette*, England's great real-estate journal, shows that the demand for London, country, and suburban houses has been eminently satisfactory of late. Messrs. Hampton and Sons, who transact business in every part of the nation, report that in localities distant from London the supply of compact country places by no means meets the demand, and prophesies that this state of affairs will continue indefinitely. In London itself the medium-sized family house is especially popular, and 'period' houses can always be disposed of easily. High-class service apartments, renting at between £1200 and £2500 a year, are widely sought after, and the city real-estate market is said to be definitely established on a post-war basis. Business premises, particularly in the West End, have increased in the past year, and there is less floor space available than at the same time twelve months ago. The trend of London business firms is westward, and a well-situated shop continues to find a ready market.

A month ago we reported in these columns that the bank reserve of the Bank of England had reached a record figure for post-war years. This has since been surpassed, and the latest returns show a 35.8-per-cent ratio of reserves to liabilities.

Commenting on the private banks in England, the *Statist* remarks that they are much more reticent in respect to their balance sheets than are the institutions of Canada and the United States. 'This, in a sense,' says the *Statist*, 'is a tribute to the soundness of British banking tradition, because, in the case of most other countries, the more detailed character of the banking balance sheets is the result of legislation introduced under pressure in order to protect the public.'

The question of installment buying, or hire purchase, has again been raised in England. America's prosperity is accompanied by this form of credit manipulation, but the English find it hard to explain the success of a method which strikes their common sense as unsound. Mr. A. M. Samuels, Parliamentary Secretary of the Overseas Department, said: 'We are doing our trade without the drug, the "dope" of the installment system for increasing the sale of nonproductive luxuries, which seems to be part of the basis of prosperity in some other countries. I hope the installment system may never reach any great proportions in Britain, or, if it does, certainly not in relation to the purchase of nonessentials or luxuries. No man has ever been ruined by paying his debts, but many a man has been ruined by getting into debt for luxuries. Whether in America or anywhere else, if an unforeseen industrial or financial national setback should occur, disaster must overtake a manufacturing, distributing, shipping, and financial system deeply involved in a method of trade in which the assets not only were of no reproductive value, but were wasting and had not yet been paid for.' Banking opinion on the subject is divided and uncertain. Canadians favor the installment system on the whole, and the English seem inclined to believe that it is valuable up to a point, since it tends to encourage thrift.

France

The problem of currency stabilization in France is not quite so simple as some critics would have us believe. *European Finance* says that the French Government must either stop issuing fresh notes for the purchase of foreign bills, or continue a modified form of inflation. 'The first of these alternatives,' continues this paper, 'has as a corollary a further rise in the value of the franc. This would under existing circumstances lead to a sharpening of the economic

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crisis. The second policy, though perhaps less immediate in its evil effects, would eventually lead the country into enormous difficulties. . . . In either case there will probably be trouble with labor. If the franc rises, manufacturers will promptly demand a reduction in wages, which the wage-earners will not concede. If net circulation is increased and prices consequently rise, labor will immediately clamor for a corresponding rise in wages.'

Election uncertainties complicate the situation, for it is not yet safe to predict that Poincaré will be returned with a solid majority. An increased Socialist vote would be likely to undermine much of the structure so laboriously raised during the past year. French commerce has also to accustom itself to such lowerings of tariff barriers as are exemplified in the recent commercial treaty with Germany. Much of this is to the ultimate good of French economy, but the transitional stage, which is by no means over, will cause some discomfort.

Recent unemployment returns from France confirm the evidence that surplus labor is again increasing. At the end of January over 12,000 of the 16,000 men receiving unemployment allowances were in the Paris district, the categories principally affected being the building, metallurgical, woodworking, clothing, and foodstuffs industries. The *Economist* points out that this figure only represents a part of the total unemployment, since most French wage-earners prefer to stave off appealing for outside assistance until their savings are exhausted. Meanwhile shipments at the ports are diminishing and the number of railway wagons loaded decreases from week to week.

The French Government has long contemplated a railroad line across the Sahara Desert, and actual construction is at last imminent, if Poincaré's and Tardieu's plans go through. *Kölnische Zeitung* feels that the value of such a railway is more military than economic, for it will allow the rapid transportation of colonial troops from Niger and Senegal to the Algerian coast on the Mediterranean and at the same time form a strong link between the French territories in Africa. The plan is to raise twelve and one-half million francs for preliminary work, four million being supplied by France, three and one-half million by her railroads, three million by Algiers, one million by Morocco, one half million by Tunis, and one million by French West Africa. *Kölnische Zeitung* estimates the total cost at sixteen hundred million francs, figuring on the basis of one half million francs per kilometre. That such a railroad would be self-supporting during its first few years seems hardly probable.

Germany

A syndicate of German banks, headed by the Reichsbank, has undertaken the 50-million-dollar financing programme of German railways this spring. The consortium has taken over 25 million dollars' worth of preference shares, which are offered at 93½ and bear a 7-per-cent rate guaranteed by the State. Within the next few months the same group will take over another 25 million dollars' worth of either the same preference shares or 7-per-cent railway bonds convertible into preference shares. A 100-million-dollar loan to be raised in America failed to meet with the approval of Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations payments, and since the railways still possessed 1119 million marks' worth of preferred stock it was decided to raise new capital by offering these shares in the home market.

Berliner Tageblatt suggests the possibility of placing such attractive offerings in the foreign market, but taxes

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are felt to be a barrier at present. The German railways, moreover, have considered increasing freight rates in order to augment their earnings, but *Berliner Tageblatt* feels that such a policy might only lead to reduced receipts, since the volume of traffic would be diminished. In 1925 total railroad receipts amounted to 1,106,700,000 dollars and total expenses to 947,240,000 dollars; in 1926 the receipts equaled 1,115,760,000 dollars and expenses 875,840,000 dollars; whereas last year receipts and expenses increased, with the month of December estimated, to 1,190,000,000 dollars and 975,800,000 dollars respectively. The Reich's Minister of Transport, Dr. Koch, has suggested raising German railway tariffs by instituting a two-class passenger service. Fourth-class travel has increased to 60 per cent of the total German passenger traffic, and to 80 per cent of the Bavarian total.

Labor troubles continue to disturb Germany's industrial situation. According to the *Statist:* 'The latest news from Bochum states that 700 delegates of the Old Miners' Unions, of the entire Ruhr districts, have unanimously decided to demand an increase of wages of the coal miners. They give notice of their refusal to continue work upon the present wage scale after April 30, and simultaneously they refuse to work further under the increased-hours agreement. The seriousness of this decision can hardly be exaggerated, the more so as it has the adherence of most of the Christian trade-unions. Thus Germany finds herself face to face with the probability, indeed almost the certainty, of strikes on an extensive scale in the spring among the coal miners. And it would scarcely be possible to prevent the metal workers, who are seething with discontent over the recent arbitration verdict, from joining hands with the coal workers.'

The great German iron cartel has raised its scale of prices, making such increases as 71 cents a ton for cast and bar iron and $1.19 to $2.70 a ton for Siemens-Martin Grade A and bar iron. The general public — and particularly South German manufacturers, who are heavy purchasers of iron — objected so strongly to the increase that Dr. Curtius, Reichs Minister of Commerce, seeks some way to curb the power of price-fixing by what he feels are monopolistic trusts. It is asserted that the price of iron is being raised in Germany in order that her producers may compete at a much lower figure in the world market.

Despite the post-war tendency toward combination among the non-ferrous metal industries, the outlook for a zinc consolidation is not hopeful, according to *Der Deutsche Volkswirt.* Although European producers control almost half of the world's output of this metal, Americans, notably the Harriman interests, control 45 per cent. A world cartel is improbable with our antitrust laws, and a European cartel to compete with American producers might be ruinous. No agreement has been reached as yet. *Berliner Tageblatt* criticizes the company reports of A. E. G., the great German electrical equipment trust, and Siemens and Halske for not containing sufficient information on methods of accounting and the affairs of the corporation. A. E. G. has raised its dividend from 7 to 8 per cent, and reports immense reserves, increased business of 25 per cent, and 70 per cent more orders on hand than last year at this time.

Most European air-transportation companies do not compete with one another, according to *Berliner Tageblatt,* which publishes this list of the principal routes of the five largest European air-navigation companies, excepting Lufthansa: —

1. Imperial Airways, Ltd.: London–

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Paris, London–Zurich, London–Ostend, London–Cologne, London–Amsterdam, Southampton–Channel Islands, Cairo–Bagdad–Basra–Karachi.

2. Farman (Société Générale de Transport Aérien): Paris–Berlin, Paris–Amsterdam.

3. Air Union: Paris–London, Paris–Lyon–Marseille, Lyon–Geneva, Antibes–Ajaccio–Tunis.

4. Cidna (Compagnie Internationale de Navigation Aérienne): Paris–Constantinople, Prague–Warsaw.

5. Latécoère (Compagnie Générale d'Entreprises Aéronautiques): Toulouse–Casablanca, Casablanca–Oran, Marseille–Perpignan, Oran–Alicante, Casablanca–Dakar.

Germany operates 28 per cent of all the commercial planes in Europe.

Anticipating increased traffic from London, an airways terminal has been inaugurated at the Croydon field at London, with facilities far in excess of present needs.

Central Europe

Several commercial attachés at Vienna were asked by *Mitteleuropäische Wirtschaft* to give their opinion of Austria's foreign trade, and their reports, though biased, are interesting. During the past year Hungary has increased her imports from Austria, although her exports to that country have fallen. The new tariff treaty between the two countries works to the disadvantage of Hungary, as do most of the tariffs of her neighboring states, and, although she has considered raising her own duties, she is still seeking some other way out of the difficulty.

French trade with Austria improved during 1927, which proved the most normal year since the war, and 1928 is regarded with optimism, since a new commercial treaty will work to the benefit of both countries. Trade with Czechoslovakia was poor early in 1927, but it was noted that 'centuries of excellent relations in both industry and commerce have made it possible to overcome the apparently insurmountable difficulties.' The commercial treaty of July 21, 1927, clarified the situation, and a paper cartel has now been organized by companies in the two countries to meet foreign competition.

Eastern Europe

Germany is now looking eastward for treaties of commerce and amity. The delegation sent to Warsaw met with a cordial reception. Although Danzig sought a voice in these negotiations, since she is included in a tariff union with Poland, the request was refused by Pilsudski's Government. According to *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the Baltic free city also objects to Poland's discrimination against her in railroad rates, but the semiofficial *Epoka* of Warsaw makes excuses on the grounds of insufficient and obsolete equipment.

During 1927 Rumania produced 3,237,804 tons of oil, of which 86 per cent was the output of nine companies — Steana Romana, Astra Romana, Creditul-minier, J. R. D. P., Colombia, Romano-Americana, Romanian Consol Oil, Ltd. (Phœnix), Orion, and Petrolul Romanesca. Production for 1927 showed a slight decrease over that of 1926, which was a record year since the war.

The Russo-German Commercial Treaty expires on April 1, and conferences are under way in Berlin to discuss its renewal. The Germans have prepared an exhaustive and detailed survey of their experiences under this treaty, and many intricate problems will be thrashed over. The treaty not only includes questions of trade, but intricate problems of the residence and status of German nationals in Russia and Soviet subjects in Germany, as well as German industrial and commercial concessions in the Soviet State.

Imports of Russian oil into France

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have increased enormously during the last two years, and seem likely to continue to do so. France now stands second to Italy as a consumer of Soviet oil, while Great Britain, formerly Russia's best customer, now lags slightly behind France. M. Briand has declared that French nationals who were shareholders in Russian petroleum companies under the Tsarist régime cannot expect the Government to modify its policy of buying Soviet oil on their account. He took the line that before the nationalization of the Russian oil undertakings by the Soviets no oil-bearing lands were owned either by French private citizens or by French limited companies; there was only French capital invested in Russian oil concerns.

Southern Europe

Italy's 1927 trade balance proved unfavorable to the extent of 251 million dollars, as compared with 380 million dollars in 1926. *Kölnische Zeitung* interpreted a decrease of cotton and wool imports amounting to over 100 million dollars as an indication of a textile depression. Iron production also fell off, and the imports of metallurgical products dropped 35 million dollars. Machinery imports were 20 million dollars less than in 1926, and the unemployment situation has gone from bad to worse. Stabilization of the lira may eventually ease the situation, but conditions cannot show substantial improvement until the strong nationalist policy against foreign producers is modified. Such, in any event, is the opinion of the German press.

Primo de Rivera's Government expects a two-million-dollar surplus for 1927, according to an optimistic statement by the Spanish Government. Should this prove true, it will be the first time the Budget has not shown a deficit since the commencement of military operations in Morocco; but *Frankfurter Zeitung* sees little reason for such high hopes, since the Spanish Minister of Finances has estimated government expenses as equal to those of the previous year.

It is expected that the tripartite Greek loan will mark the final state in the financial reconstruction of Greece under the guidance of the League of Nations. Internal dissension and almost constant warfare for ten years had completely disrupted the Greek currency, and produced enormous deficits in her Budget, when the Coalition Government of M. Zaimis came into power at the end of 1926. A committee of experts was then appointed to reorganize the Budget under Finance Minister Kaphandaris, who made large cuts in public expenditure and funded the war debt to Great Britain. He then appealed to the League of Nations to help him stabilize the drachma and to wipe out the arrears of past deficits. The Financial Committee of that body decided that 45 million dollars would settle the refugees, pay off Budget arrears, and establish a new Bank of Issue, and the total sum was divided into the three approximately equal categories. Since a loan had already been negotiated with the United States for 12 million dollars for settlement of the war debt, the new loan was at once reduced to 33 million dollars.

The new Bank of Issue is a joint stock company wholly independent of government control and solely responsible for the maintenance of the currency on a gold exchange basis, a minimum cover of 40 per cent of the note issue being required. Demand liabilities and advances to the Government are limited to 800 million drachmas, or about 11 million dollars. The Greek Government has also undertaken to keep the Budget under 125 million dollars for the next two years. Since the new loan is offered at 91 and carries

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6 per cent interest, the Government pays an interest rate of one per cent less than she did three years ago.

Chile's nitrate business should show signs of improvement if the use of nitrogen in ammoniacal form really acidifies the soil, as it is said to do in Germany. The natural Chilean product has proved adaptable to Germany, and a small broadening of demand has been noticed since June of last year. The Chilean companies themselves have not, however, had an easy time of it in 1927; but the closing months of the year showed improvement. Until the value of synthetic nitrogen as a fertilizer has been finally determined, the future of Chile's nitrates must remain uncertain.

Anglo-Ecuadorian Oil Fields, Ltd., a British corporation, has increased its production from 12,000 tons in 1924–1925 to over 38,000 tons in 1926–1927. Last June it had 26 producing wells, and now has a 600-barrel refinery at tidewater, which supplies all the gasoline and kerosene required or likely to be required in Ecuador for some years to come. Last year's gross profits were nearly half a million dollars, despite the low price of oil.

The past three years have witnessed various improvements in the Republic of Salvador. The capital has been repaved with asphalt, and similar work has been carried out at the port of La Libertad. Plans are also in hand for macadamizing six hundred kilometres of road, but the execution of this programme depends on the financial condition of the country. There are now 1200 passenger cars in the streets of the capital city, — more than twice as many as were registered three years ago, — and motor omnibuses have taken the place of horse-drawn tramcars.

British Honduras has remained in a more static condition. Chicle and mahogany form 85 per cent of the total exports, and the United States takes some 80 per cent of this amount. Britain does better on the import side, providing nearly a quarter of the colony's total import trade, whereas the United States supplies rather less than half. The *Statist* finds it 'remarkable that, while Great Britain holds her place in her colonies, as elsewhere, as a source of supply for the higher grades of textiles, the United States in this community is able to undersell us in the cheaper textiles. Whether this is due to the proximity of the United States or to the conditions prevailing in the textile industries of this country we are content to leave to the experts to explain. If the prosperity which British Honduras has enjoyed in the past is to be maintained, not to speak of the desirability of making some attempt to develop the resources of the colony, present methods will have to be scrapped at no distant date.'

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ENGLAND MOVES ON

BY ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED

[THE first of these articles, originally entitled 'A Frenchman on Britain,' appeared in two successive issues of the London *Times* — February 1 and 2. The second, entitled 'Britain and America through French Eyes,' was reprinted by the *Spectator* of February 4 from *Le Petit Havre*.]

I

IF I had to compress, in one sentence, the essence of British difficulties after the war, I think I should say it consists in the necessity of passing from the nineteenth to the twentieth century — a passage which had not been completed in 1914. Such is the crucial problem. In the tumult of war it was somewhat confused, but it now appears in full light.

In the Victorian age coal was king. Thanks to a quasi monopoly, Great Britain could easily, according to the methods of the time, produce and export manufactured goods more cheaply than anyone else; and, as a consequence, she concentrated on coal a dense population, which she fed by imports. The working of the system was perfect, but depended on a double condition — first, that the world should remain content to sell primary products while buying from Britain its manufactured articles; then, that Britain should permanently keep the cheapest cost of manufacture in the world. Now coal is no longer the unique key to cheap production, and the British monopoly has long ceased to exist; besides that, every country nowadays — wrongly perhaps, but actually — wants to be a manufacturing country. In this new world — which the war has revealed rather than created — the place of Great Britain cannot, of course, remain the same as before.

Until quite recently British opinion obviously expected that pre-war — which means nineteenth-century — conditions would, sooner or later, return. In the last two years, however, a deep change has been noticeable. The hope of seeing nineteenth-century conditions again is rapidly fading away; Britain is embarked on the high seas of the twentieth century.

After an experience of seven years the causes of the persistent crisis in British industrial exports are no longer wrapped in mystery — impoverishment of the world as a consequence of the war (a purely temporary aspect); growing industrialization of most countries (probably a normal feature of to-morrow's world, and evidently not within reach of British interference); increased costs of British production (a partially curable but perhaps largely permanent weakness).

Why such an increase in costs of production, in the very country which was the pioneer of manufacture in the last century? One cause is, of course, its monetary policy, which is partially responsible for high wages not always justified by corresponding efficiency. (We French well know to what extent inflation temporarily softens the path of the manufacturer; and deflation operates in the reverse way.) Then

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there is the curse of unemployment, with the known and unknown taxation it implies, through which the moral atmosphere of production is, in a certain sense, poisoned. There is also the fact that, in many cases, British plants are not so modern as French or German ones. The destroyed factories of Northern France had necessarily to be rebuilt with brand-new equipment, while British industries were allowed to maintain an unbroken tradition. Is it, after all, an advantage? A break may be healthy as necessitating a completely new start which otherwise would not have been taken.

The British are the most supple business men on earth, and will adapt themselves, but it is not in their power to recall the nineteenth century from the past. Coal is partially dethroned; water power and oil — which Britain has to import — rank as growing competitors; foremost now among the factors of cheap production is the possibility of carrying on mass production in the American style, which implies huge internal markets and drastic standardization. If such conditions as prevail to-day had existed in 1830 it is doubtful whether the densest accumulation of manufacturing power in the world would have been — as it actually was — concentrated in the British Isles. Such an industrial superstructure, which the nineteenth century considered normal and permanent, may only have represented a transient phase of British evolution. If its existence is no longer justified by the new equilibrium of the world, Great Britain may have to admit that a certain maximum level of industrial exports cannot forever be maintained. It seems that British opinion is now rapidly on the way toward acknowledging such a fact — and this means perhaps the end of the immediate post-war period.

In fact, the British organism has spontaneously reacted, even before the country was conscious of it. Adaptation is already going on, and is easily observable. According to the Board of Trade, — whose estimates have by no means been thought overoptimistic, — the country, except in 1926, never had to face an adverse balance of accounts; invisible exports always easily compensated the excess of imports. The Continent, because it is mostly impressed by the fall in exports, is usually prone to exaggerate the danger of the British position; it fails to realize to what extent, in other directions, Britain has successfully faced the world's new conditions, and to what extent, despite deep-seated anxieties in certain staple trades, she is, indeed, prosperous.

As a student I was always taught that British imports were paid for by exports. At every international conference I have attended since the war such was the motto of the British delegation. But it is no longer true, supposing it ever was. As compared with exports proper, services and interest on investments abroad now seem to fill, in the balance of accounts, a much greater part than before. And yet the real value of imports is higher than in 1914.

To the foreign observer this situation is, I must admit, somewhat paradoxical, and he wonders whether it is entirely healthy. He realizes that the industrial vigor of the country, not to speak of its commercial and financial activity, had been underestimated. But he sees also that the important sums which are distributed to the masses in the form of pensions, insurances, or doles are creating a greater buying power among the less fortunate classes of the nation. Such money goes, of course, to current expenditure and contributes to feed the activity of the home market. But does

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it not spend wealth which would otherwise be saved? In the long run the available balance for external investments — that key to future exports — is threatened.

The prosperity of the South, while the North is struggling through an endless crisis, indirectly corresponds, I suppose, to the maintained and perhaps increased popular wealth successfully based on commerce, finance, or prosperous oversea investments. Now, the new or revived industries which thrive in the London region do not belong to the nineteenth-century tradition; they mainly work for the internal market, and some of them enjoy substantial protection. Is not such a divorce of Northern and Southern destinies the sign that the centre of gravity is moving? It may be the first geographical symptom of the passing of coal as a determining factor in modern industrial production.

The economic personality of Britain is bound to respond to changes of such far-reaching importance. To us, since the war, Britain appears as tending to become less industrial, and more commercial, more financial, more *rentier*, than before.

Such an evolution also implies a change of trend in politics. It is true that Great Britain means, as yesterday, to remain the world's central market of raw materials, the chief carrier on the seas, the controlling agent of the world's credit; and she continues to be the world's greatest industrial exporter — a programme which involves the largest possible measure of international free trade. But the British, we know, are not logical; important industries, mostly working for the home market, request and obtain protection, and at the same time others, whose customers are mainly inside the Empire, more and more rely on imperial preference. On the other hand, the widening difference of status between the Dominions and the crown colonies tends to stimulate interest in those huge and immensely rich parts of the British realm which have not reached autonomy and remain within the scope of the direct activities of the mother country. Thus the signs of a somewhat new (or perhaps revived) conception of the Empire — more Dutch indeed than Gladstonian, or even Rhodesian, and slightly different from the 'Commonwealth' doctrine — may be detected even by a foreign eye. Whether an Empire in which the crown colonies were the principal factor would satisfy British ideals I do not know. At any rate, these various, and to some extent conflicting, tendencies cannot fail to react on the relations of Great Britain with the Empire, with the extra-European world, and even with the Continent of Europe.

Talking with a Canadian some years ago, and alluding to Great Britain as part of Europe, it was not without some astonishment that I heard him exclaim: 'But Great Britain is not in Europe!' I had not realized — but I have since — that such a point of view is common, not only in the Dominions, but in the United States, and to a certain extent even in the British Isles themselves.

The Continent, I think, does not share this impression of the English-speaking world as to the incomplete 'Europeanity' of Great Britain. But, speaking as a French member of the European community, and as one who has studied this country for many years, I admit I have come to understand that Britain is not entirely one of us. British solidarity with the Continent is of course obvious, but there is always something in the British citizen which suggests to him that he is an outsider and induces him to assert, in some way or other, his independence of

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the Old World. Bearing this in mind, I always feel inclined to compare Britain to a ship anchored in European waters but constantly tempted to seek the open sea. The outside attraction is too great. Was there not a noted imperialist who suggested that the Government of the Empire might be placed on a ship, which would shift from point to point round the world? In that case, would the centre of the British world remain in Europe? Everybody will admit that France, that the Continent, should feel concerned with such a possible change in the centre of gravity of the planet.

For more than a generation, and especially since the Great War, British statesmen appear to have been hesitating at the parting of two roads. Some of them consider that Great Britain neither should nor could ever disinterest itself in Europe, that, willing or not, it decidedly is, and more and more must be, a part of Europe politically. One third of British exports go to Continental markets; British investments on the Continent have always been extremely large, and remain so. Not to speak of the geographical proximity of great military Powers, these economic and financial arguments evidently forbid responsible leaders keeping out of European affairs. And, if it is a tradition for Britain to keep clear of European rocks, it is also a tradition for her from time to time to dive in the ocean of European war with boundless pluck and passion.

But, on the other hand, other statesmen, hardly less representative, appear to consider the European arena as a dangerous and somewhat exotic ground, where Britain should, as far as possible, have nothing to do. In the years following 1920, when the Continent was painfully searching its way and was twisting itself hopelessly in the mess of reconstruction, more than one British leader felt tempted to adopt the Lucretian attitude: *Suave mari magno* . . . The Continent, they said, was behaving like a lunatic asylum set loose; the best thing for Britain was to have nothing to do with these foreigners; it should turn toward the Dominions (some said also, the United States) in order to achieve a practical union among white men of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

History teaches us that Great Britain has always been brought back to the first policy, as to a permanent axis of its destiny. The Napoleonic wars, the Great War, more recently the Locarno treaties, may be quoted as obvious proofs of this persistent tendency. But, on the other hand, whenever European affairs have failed to develop according to British wishes, the attraction of extra-European influences has been notoriously felt. The sudden and threatening appearance of German hegemony in the Continent after 1871 is probably one of the causes which gave Britain, in the seventies, a new interest in imperial solidarity. The policy of Millerand and Poincaré after the Armistice, and especially at the time of the Ruhr, certainly did much to incline Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Baldwin toward a naval and financial settlement with the United States. In this last instance we had sometimes the impression that Great Britain was deserting Europe, at least trying to relax its solidarity with the hopeless victims of the war. And it is true that, in following this second tendency, Great Britain would displace to a certain extent her centre of gravity.

I suppose no sensible Frenchman, arguing as a European, would contemplate with favor such a displacement. That distinguished British leaders should accept it, not as a matter of bitter necessity, but as a not abnormal development of the Commonwealth, has always puzzled me. In my

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youth I well remember Sir Charles Dilke phlegmatically envisaging such an eventuality. Lord Milner once said, I think, that the centre of the Empire might in the future be shifted to Canada. The removal of part of Downing Street on board the wandering ship of my imperialist friend would not have a very different meaning. Even to-day, according to the resolutions of the 1926 Imperial Conference, the British Empire could, not inexactly, be defined by the sentence which Pascal applied to the universe: '*C'est une sphère dont le centre est partout — la circonférence nulle part.*'

But what if that wonderful constellation has no sun? What if the sun is not Great Britain? Worse, even, what if the centre comes to be outside the British Empire? My astonishment at the spectacle of any inhabitant of the British Islands acknowledging the idea as within the range of possibilities shows that the basic foundations of the Commonwealth — race, language, civilization, rather than flag — may always remain difficult for a foreigner to understand. And yet I am obliged to realize that such a conception exists and is expressed. At present it appears to me as being *défaitiste* — *défaitiste* indeed from the strict point of view of England, and even more so (and that is why I dare speak of it) from the point of view of Europe.

What Great Britain really is for Europe, thoughtful people in France, I think, fully realize. They have the rooted sentiment that she is an essential element of the European order; and all our policy of late years clearly expresses that belief. Less clearly perhaps, but hardly less deeply, there exists with us the conviction that Britain is a necessary link between the old Continent and the extra-European world. We know the benefit we draw from using the economic liberty of the Empire — especially as it existed in the nineteenth century — for the needs of our foreign trade. We know how precious it is to have, at our doors, that huge *entrepôt* of goods, through which the produce of the world is drawn toward us. We know that, through Great Britain, a large part of the world is gravitating around Europe that otherwise would probably be attracted elsewhere.

At the same time, we can hardly remain blind to the fact that, should Great Britain be drawn into a system whose centre she would not be, her efficacy as liaison agent would at once be affected — and Europe would be the loser. If Britain, deserting her place in Europe, consented to become mainly and merely a partner in the huge concern of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, it is very likely that large parts of the British Empire would cease to gravitate around us, — as they still do to a large extent, — thus shifting the centre of gravity of the planet very far, perhaps, from the old Continent.

France is, of course, able to ensure the liaison of Europe with important parts of Africa, America, or Asia. Russia communicates with the East and Far East even more closely; she chooses to do it, for the present, against rather than in favor of Occidental civilization. But, without England, it is only too obvious that this Continent would lose a large part, if not the main part, of its influence upon the world. And, deprived of both England and Russia, it would risk being reduced, as a writer has said, to merely a 'small Asiatic peninsula.'

We well realize, of course, to what extent parts of the soul and activities of Britain are not centred under our skies: the occupations and preoccupations of many of her sons are not actually European. But England and Scotland (and Ireland), by their history

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and millennial traditions, really belong to the truest Europe; and, by their culture, they are at least as European as we ourselves are. On that ground we feel not only an economic but an intellectual solidarity. That is why many of us would prefer — if we were asked to express our wishes — a Great Britain whose attractions should remain not mainly Imperial, or extra-European, but Continental as well. She would thus be preserved to us as the vital link without which Europe would be positively and permanently weakened.

II

Within a century Britain sustained two terrible wars — against the France of Napoleon, against the Germany of William II — in order to maintain the command of the seas. In less than ten years, without war, almost without a struggle, she has just renounced this hegemony, at least in principle, in favor of the United States. We regard this renunciation as a terrible blow to British prestige. The English themselves hardly discuss the matter, or merely affect to consider it as necessary and inevitable. They do not appear to experience humiliation. What is the depth of their feeling? I have attempted for two months to ascertain this, and no analysis could be more difficult to make.

For nearly a quarter of a century, the British Government appears to have made a rule never to resist any demand made by the United States; it always yields, and it has made up its mind always to yield. It feels instinctively that there exists a great force against which it can do nothing. It knows also that in case of conflict between the two countries Canada would not support Britain; it would endeavor, but in vain, to remain neutral; at the best there would be civil war in the Dominion, and finally the Dominion itself would surely be lost. British statesmen are aware of this, and they will not risk a rupture.

Little by little, as American influence extends throughout the world, this same reasoning tends to apply not only to Canada but to other Dominions, and, in a general way, to the whole Empire. Even such Dominions as Australia or New Zealand, which remain politically loyal, feel the economic, financial, and social attraction of the United States. London remains their constitutional capital, but it is obvious that in the future they will tend to gravitate toward the New World. The British Empire under these conditions preserves its unity, but it is a broken reed.

Finding herself, then, opposed by a kind of natural law, Britain feels very strongly that by force she can do nothing. She will not try to enter into a competition of armaments with America. In 1921 she resigned herself to accept the principle of equality, which she considered then a concession on her part. At Geneva last summer, for a moment, she rebelled against an American thesis which under cover of equality gave to the United States the naval hegemony of the Pacific. Since that time it is easy to see that British opinion regrets even this resistance. President Coolidge can do what he will; the British Government has renounced all struggle.

In what spirit does the average Briton accept this new attitude, so contrary to the traditional idea we have in France of British pride? I have met many people — yes, many — who cannot bear the thought of it. 'It is necessary to bow before necessity,' they say; 'and, for the rest, the Americans are not complete strangers to us; they have the same language, the same origin, the same civilization, or nearly so; we know

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that in building a fleet they have no ulterior motive of aggression. With Napoleon, with William II, it was not the same thing. In the future, the British Fleet and the American Fleet will coöperate to maintain the peace of the world, a peace that will remain Anglo-Saxon. What objection is there to that?'

This point of view strikes me by its 'defeatism.' Has Britain, then, renounced the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon world? Feeling the approach of old age, does she resign herself to give place to the younger generation? Such is indeed the sincere feeling of many people. There are others, however, who think differently.

'What is the use of disputing the question of armaments?' say the British people. 'There is nothing to be done. We have decided not to fight the Americans, and, moreover, a war between two countries of the same race is inconceivable.' That is perhaps true, but all this does not go on without bitterness. British bitterness against the United States is terrible at the moment. In conversation, nine persons out of ten, I might say ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, show signs of a violent antipathy against their American cousins. They make fun of their accent, manners, lack of culture. The reaction is obvious: public opinion is badly offended.

This cousinship, however, is not altogether a useless word, for Britain accepts from the United States that which manifestly she would accept neither from Germany nor from France, nor, in fact, from any other country. We should be wrong as regards ourselves to misunderstand the reality — I do not say of the fraternity, but of the ethnic and cultural solidarity, of the Anglo-Saxons, assuming that one is prepared, by courtesy, to consider the Americans Anglo-Saxons.

In adopting the attitude that I have just described, the British have above all acted on policy. If one probes the depth of their mind, one ends by finding that they do not believe that they have made a really fatal and final concession. In their mind they have sacrificed the shadow but they hope to retain the substance. How is that? Firstly, they do not believe that the Americans will build this fleet. Even if it is built, they do not believe that it will be possible to man it. Britain considers the United States a continental country, badly prepared for maritime experiments (*pour la vie des océans*), hardly better prepared for the complex proceedings of commerce, of international finance; they retain the confidence that for a long time hence America will have need of the British commercial traveler. The idea is right, and the Americans themselves share it, although to their mind Britain must from to-day henceforward resign herself to the rôle of a brilliant second in this half-tacit entente. Presuming that there were complete accord between the two countries on the general conception of world affairs, nothing would, in fact, hinder the two fleets from coöperating and Anglo-Saxon peace from reigning. And Britain would not risk being drawn into a war of blockade which was disapproved by the United States — war which she would not be able to sustain without the supremacy of the seas, to which certainly the Government of Washington would no longer lend itself. It is necessary, therefore, that high British policy should not strike against the United States. At this price the Empire may continue quasi-indefinitely to exist and British trade to prosper. Does one understand to what point all this conception is political, to what point, above all, this is the consideration of business men? Napoleon said, 'A nation of shopkeepers.' The expression was extreme, but the idea per-

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fectly just. Yes, indeed. Still equally idealist in his way, the Briton is before all, and essentially, a merchant — reasoning like a merchant and satisfied if he makes money. We credit him with feelings of pride, which he often possesses, but also with sentiments of honor or of political glory, which he possesses in a less degree. Prosperity, even at the price of sacrifices which would appear to some of us to be very cruel, satisfies him. For we French mingle with politics a host of heterogeneous preoccupations — sentiment, logic, *amour propre*, rancor, indignation. The Briton is above all practical. We have always said so, but we do not sufficiently realize it.

ALLIANCES AND SECURITY [1]

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

From President Wilson's war-time speeches it appears that he attributed the catastrophe of 1914 to what he improperly called the European equilibrium, or balance of power. His idea in founding the League of Nations was to put an end to this equilibrium. In reality, however, it was not the notion of European equilibrium that was false. Equilibrium is necessary, and merely signifies that no Continental nation should be strong enough to dominate the others. Because all the world, including the United States, recognized the necessity for equilibrium, Germany was prevented by a formidable coalition from creating an hegemony profitable to her. This is what the Continent has never tolerated, either under Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, or William II. Europe can never tolerate this in the future without placing itself in the service of some new form of imperialism. Equilibrium is as necessary within the League of Nations as it ever was before that body came into existence.

[1] From *Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *January*

It is not European equilibrium, but rather the aspiration for hegemony, that has provoked competition in armaments. Confronted by Germany, and lacking sufficient guaranties, each of the other Great Powers sought security in its armaments. No one, however, is armed unless he is more armed than his neighbor. On the other hand, great and rich though a country may be, it is impossible to arm it beyond a certain point without crushing the people under taxes and preventing sound economic development.

France and Germany sought to supplement their security with a series of alliances that could not fail to produce cannons and machine guns. France secured the support of Russia, which was also menaced by the power of Germany; and Germany secured the support of Austria-Hungary and Italy. These two big alliances were so nearly equal that neither one could be assured of complete security. Smaller countries had to be summoned as well, and all the second-rate nations gravitated about the Great Powers. As the value of these alliances lay in the military

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aid they could secure, the little countries also had to participate in the race for armaments in order to gain advantageous treaties. The moment finally arrived when the expense for all Continental countries was so fatally high that a break was inevitable.

This is what happened in August 1914. Alliances that were originally defensive tended inevitably to become offensive. Entered upon as a means of avoiding war, they ended up by provoking war, and, once this war was let loose, their mechanism was such that everyone was affected. It was this system, whose evils he understood, that President Wilson wanted to end by founding the League of Nations.

It is quite unjust to accuse President Wilson of having sold out the security of all nations at a high price. On the contrary, his thought was directed toward one end only, and that was to assure by new and pacific means the security of all nations belonging to the League. In order to attain this end, he devised a system that takes judicial form in Article XVI of the Covenant of the League of Nations. The security of each country is based, not on an alliance with one, two, or three others, but on the guaranty of all. Each state engages to wage no aggressive war. If any one country fails its engagements, all the rest will be obliged to combine against it.

The system that functioned with some difficulty from 1914 to 1918, and that ended by giving Europe a victory over Germany, was raised to the height of a principle. The pauses and hesitations that paralyzed a common offensive in 1914 — England's refusal to engage herself in advance, the interior struggles that preceded Italy's declaration of war, Rumania's slowness in intervening, and above all such deplorable defections from the common European cause as Bulgaria and Turkey were guilty of — will never occur again. From the first day of hostilities — or, better still, even before any hostilities break out — it is recognized in advance that all the countries will unite against the aggressor, that, no matter which that Power is, it will have no chance of success.

Conceived in these terms, this system may well be said to realize the maximum of security for every country. If it had remained intact, without any exceptions and without any mental reservations, the problem of permanent peace would be solved.

Unfortunately, breaches in the structure appeared. The smallest, but the first, was the Swiss breach. The Swiss Confederation declared that it preferred its old system of guarding its own security to the new system of guarding general security. From their own point of view the Swiss people were right. The neighboring Powers' guaranty of their neutrality, which had lasted since 1815, realized in advance as far as Switzerland was concerned the promises of the League of Nations. The Covenant added nothing to the security of the Confederation. Since an engagement entered into by fifty states is morally weaker than an engagement entered into by only three or four, there was a certain risk in changing from the one system to the other. The Swiss people did not wish to run this risk. They lacked sufficient faith in the future, and thus weakened the strength of the Covenant.

The United States, in its turn, refused to sign the Covenant of the League of Nations on account of the obligations assumed under Article XVI. Protected by two oceans and bordered by two relatively weak countries, Canada and Mexico, the United States felt that it would have nothing to gain from this system, and would merely run the risk of having to fulfill its

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guaranty. It was an egotistical thought, but quite a natural one if judged from a purely national point of view.

The final, the most serious, and the largest breach is the absence of Russia. That great country, disorganized by revolution but rich in possibilities, has not only refused to give the guaranties that are required of members of the League of Nations, but has even refused so far to show the least proof of any peaceful spirit.

Nor is this all. The system of the Covenant, although well conceived in theory, has its shortcomings. It does not exclude all kinds of war, merely suspending judgment on a case in which the Council of the League of Nations cannot unanimously decide which is the aggressor country. This explains why all the nations did not feel they had sufficient ground for abandoning all precautions of safety. If the entire world had signed the Covenant, any war of aggression would be practically impossible, and the security of all would be completely assured. But the moment that any great countries remain outside, it all amounts to nothing. One cannot even be sure that the system is coherent enough to prevent one state from carrying out its evil intentions on another aggressively. It is necessary to imagine how the system would work in practice and see what part it would play.

The absence of the United States paralyzes England. How could the British fleet maintain an hermetically sealed blockade if American shipping demanded the right to navigate freely? England's hesitation to enter upon engagements that she is not sure of being able to keep in case of war has reduced the security of France to a singular degree, and the Italian enigma adds to this uncertainty. In Eastern Europe the situation is still more precarious. Poland, Rumania, Finland, and the Baltic States demand succor in case they find themselves the victims of Soviet aggression.

These fears, which the Covenant should have dispelled but which subsist nevertheless, have a double consequence — they retard disarmament and provoke new systems of alliances.

The idea that security and disarmament are closely interwoven is by no means new. It rises from the Covenant of the League itself. Article VIII says: 'The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.'

If the Peace Conference had envisaged rapid disarmament and had inserted in the Treaty precise promises to Germany, the resulting security of the Covenant would have appeared sufficient to permit the immediate reduction of armaments. But when the principle of security was again called into question by political circumstances, disarmament lost all its support.

The Assembly of the League of Nations understood this, and in order to advance on the path of disarmament tried out new means of establishing security. This preoccupation resulted in Resolution 14 in 1922, in the mutual guaranty treaty of 1923, and finally in the Geneva Protocol of 1924. The Assembly was trying to reconstruct by new methods what the peace negotiators had not succeeded in accomplishing even in part, but it still encountered the same obstacles — the United States and Russia. England did not feel herself able, in the face of the American enigma, to undertake new formal engagements. Although the failure of the Geneva Protocol may not have aggravated the situation, it certainly did not improve matters.

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Another means would have to be sought for gaining the security that all nations need and that alone will make disarmament possible.

The failure of the Geneva Protocol was followed in 1925 by the Locarno Conference. These two events were no mere coincidence. They exemplified the workings of cause and effect, and, because security could not be realized by general methods, it was sought for by means of special treaties. England, which did not dare on account of America to subscribe to the universal engagements that the Protocol demanded, showed her good will by confining herself to a number of very precise, narrow agreements.

But if the Locarno treaties conform to the League of Nations Covenant, whose needs they are realizing in one part of Europe, they are also leading the world to a policy of alliances. The Locarno accords are nothing more or less than a defensive alliance of various states. This interpretation is confirmed by the declaration that Germany obtained regarding Article XIII of the Covenant. Far from supporting this article, which is the chief bulwark of general security, the Locarno accords actually weaken it. In other words, these accords are difficult to reconcile with the essential spirit of the League of Nations.

But Locarno did not provoke the renaissance of alliances; other alliances had been concluded before Locarno came into being — the Little Entente, for instance. Since Locarno the nations have understood that nothing opposes the further development of this system, and we have witnessed in the course of recent years a veritable efflorescence of special treaties. Russia has allied with Germany and Lithuania, France with Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia; and so it goes.

More alliances have been concluded recently. One has been made between France and Yugoslavia, another between Italy and Albania, and by surveying the field even closer it would be easy to find still more. The system of alliances that the Covenant wished to stop is going full blast to-day.

This question immediately arises — are these two systems compatible? Can the treaties of alliance be reconciled with the obligations of members of the League of Nations? All these treaties are registered with the Secretariat of the League, and the nations that conclude them find that this process of registration provides just the pacifying sensation that they need. How can anyone say, they ask, that we are violating the principles of the Covenant if we submit our treaties to the League of Nations itself? This is a redoubtable illusion. The process of registration, whose legal aspect has never been clearly defined, is a mechanical performance that involves no judgment on the contents of the treaties registered. It has not appeared possible to invest the League of Nations with a control of this sort, for it was feared that the result would simply be to limit the number of treaties registered and to reinaugurate the régime of secret treaties. Registration possesses no value except the publicity involved, and it is a mistake to believe that the treaties registered cannot contradict the League Covenant.

Moreover, it is highly probable that no such contradiction really exists in their actual form. Certain exceptions would have to be made, especially the treaties that the United States is imposing on a number of Central American countries. In general, however, it is mere child's play for lawyers to write the texts in such a way that they do not appear to contradict anything. So long as the signers of an alliance define their obligations toward the other mem-

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bers of the League, so long as the treaties only commit the nations that sign them to neutrality in case of a punitive war led by the League of Nations, it cannot be said that they contradict the Covenant.

But what matters in a treaty of this kind is not so much its literal content as its political import and the spirit in which the nations who sign it will interpret it. Here abuses can easily arise. It is often difficult to say if a war is offensive or defensive, and if the diplomacy of various countries has been agreed upon in advance it will be almost impossible for the Council to solve this problem. The terms of a defensive alliance can easily become a means of support in case of an attack, especially since the decisions of the League of Nations must be resolved upon unanimously. Everything that closely connects the diplomatic policy of certain countries can in a crisis become an obstacle to this unanimity and paralyze the functions of the League.

Politically, these alliances, or whatever name one gives the pavilion that covers them, may create great misunderstandings. The case of the Franco-Yugoslav Treaty is characteristic. There is no doubt that the French Government, in signing it, had no other thought than to give a friendly nation proof of its good will and to spread the system of arbitration under which France sees its own security guaranteed. If the treaty possesses no other significance, it is beyond reproach.

But Belgrade is in transports of joy, and one can readily perceive that the same words may conceal other realities. Yugoslavia, rightly or wrongly, believes herself menaced. She lives in a state of anxiety. The Italian danger appears imminent, whereupon France publicly and solemnly gives evidence of solid support. Is n't it clear to the spirit of the Yugoslav people that confidence in their own cause should ensue? Perhaps there is nothing wrong in the whole affair. Yet a war may arise from a single imprudent act. One incident may have disastrous effects, and too much confidence may do harm.

Now let us move to Rome. The same treaty that merely signifies arbitration to the French and looks like a real alliance to the Yugoslavs may well prove a provocation here. What need was there of concluding it at this moment if it were not a warning and perhaps a lesson? We are in the troubled domain where sentiments count more than facts and mistrust may engender catastrophes. To us these alliances seemed to have their inconvenient side, but to estimate their real significance we must turn once more to the Covenant. The point is not to discover whether one has succeeded by verbal artifice in conciliating divergent texts; the point is to see if both can function. To our mind there is no consistency whatever, and we say it flatly.

The great value of Article XVI is preventive. It threatens a possible aggressor with the menace of finding itself faced with a coalition of all the other nations. At the present moment no country — we cannot think of a single exception — is rich and powerful enough to attempt a war against all the rest of the world alone, and it would be very unlikely to gain any assistance whatever if it did. As long as this condition of affairs remains unchanged war is almost inconceivable, but as soon as there is any doubt as to what will happen in case of an attack the temptation might become strong and the statesmen of some country might well be audacious enough to run the risk. War, which is impossible under the first assumption, is possible under the second.

Will Article XVI work out in prac-

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tice to-day? We do not know. It is difficult to make it function, and unanimous consent of the League of Nations cannot be attained. States involved in alliances must fulfill their obligations. We enter an ocean of uncertainty. This is why alliances are once more introducing the danger of war into world politics in so far as they are weakening Article XVI in advance and making a universal coalition doubtful.

Of course, one can say, as Professor Bovet did in the organ of the Swiss Association for the League of Nations, that the alliances of to-day are less dangerous than those before the war because they are so thoroughly entangled. Rumania is allied to both France and Italy; Czechoslovakia, the ally of Rumania, is also the ally of Poland; and so on. It is true that this system, compared to the big groupings, — the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, — is a lesser evil, but it is clear that conditions have changed, and in case of danger we might see Europe rent asunder again.

Far from enforcing national security, alliances weaken it.

It is in fact an illusion for any nation to imagine that these alliances increase its security. Two guaranties, people say, are better than one. Not always. When the guaranties are contradictory, two of them may have no value at all, where one would have been effective. This is the case now. We have shown that alliances have sapped Article XVI of its strength, and, inversely, that Article XVI has reduced alliances to sterility.

The experience of the war demonstrated that the most solemn and least ambiguous treaties do not always hold. We refrain here from passing judgment on any nation, but historic truth forces us to say that Greece was allied to Serbia, Italy to the Triple Alliance, and Rumania to Germany and Austria-Hungary. What became of these engagements? We all know. It was impossible for the governments who signed them to carry them out, since they ran contrary to the interests and sentiments of the people.

It requires no great flight of the imagination to foresee what will happen in a future war. Nations who believe firmly in their alliances will be sorely deceived, and even find themselves on the defensive, opposed by a state that the League of Nations will have declared the aggressor. In this case the guaranty of Article XVI would be sufficient, and the engagements entered into under their alliances would not reënforce it at all. Aid would be due them in any case, and they would be at least sure of the assistance of nations whose interests were similar — as would be the case, for instance, with France and Yugoslavia. In this instance, the alliance is not a supplementary guaranty; it is utterly superfluous.

If, on the other hand, the judgment of the League of Nations goes in the opposite direction, and if the country invoking its aid is considered the aggressor, we defy any country to carry out any alliance that favored such a nation. The prestige of the League is sufficient to-day to make it impossible for a government to involve its people in an aggressive war. Backed by the League, alliances are useless; opposed by the League, they are illusory and impossible of realization.

For small countries, therefore, alliances involve no guaranty of security. The solution of the problem of security must be sought within the League of Nations itself and in the domain of collective treaties. This task faces the new commission that the Assembly has just constituted. The work before it is difficult and considerable, but it is not superhuman. What has already been

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accomplished to increase and improve the scope of Article XI of the Covenant and to make use of all its contents has been successful. If all the articles of the Covenant were submitted to similar study, they would be found to contain unsuspected richness. M. Scialoja to the contrary, vagueness in law is often a source of peril. One must know exactly what various texts mean, so that when danger comes the greatest possible benefit can be extracted from them.

If one should not deny in advance the usefulness of the labors performed by the security commission, one should not expect of it more than it can actually accomplish. There is no absolute security for anybody, and anyone who is set on making disarmament depend on absolute guaranties is taking the wrong road. The problem of disarmament is one of the alternatives. Nations have the right to demand that in reducing their armies they are not also reducing their security, but they have not the right to demand that the reduction of armies increase security. On the other hand, of course, the security that armies provide is far from absolute.

Military men never seem to realize how narrow an army's limits of action are. For small nations the only real security is right. Force is an illusion.

Moreover, disarmament itself is capable of increasing security. Anglo-Saxon publicists exaggerate matters when they affirm that the disappearance of armies will automatically suppress wars, but we ought to recognize that armaments, and especially competitions in armaments, generate distrust, anxiety, and economic difficulties that may well end in catastrophe. The alleviation of the burden of armaments could not fail to arouse a feeling of reciprocal confidence that would reduce in large measure the danger of armed conflict. Disarmament and security can be attained by an improvement of international relations and by the normal activity of various institutions that the world has developed for its own protection. On the other hand, alliances, as recent incidents show, do nothing to improve international relations; they poison them. Far from increasing security, they diminish it. Far from reducing the dangers of war, they make them more imminent.

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FRANCE FIGHTS FOR OIL[1]

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Not long ago M. Briand outlined the French petroleum policy to a special commission in the French Chamber. He did not hesitate to point out that the French quota of the Mosul output could meet all the French needs if it were properly developed, and added that a treaty between the United States, England, and France was ready to be signed — a treaty that definitely regulated the question of dividing the Mosul oil supply. Washington, however, soon denied this statement officially, so that it is possible that the treaty he referred to only involves, so far as the Americans are concerned, a private company, the Standard Oil, and does not commit the Government.

The difficulties arising from the Treaty of San Remo appear to be settled at last. On April 30, 1920, M. Berthelot and the British representative signed a provisional agreement guaranteeing France twenty-five per cent of the output of the Mosul oil fields, but America's objections that she too had claims in that part of the world helped to block it. Eight months later another treaty was made granting France the German pre-war share of Ottoman oil, but this measure also aroused protest.

The Royal Shell, as well as the Standard Oil, paid small attention to the rights of France, and immediately began drilling and extracting oil. M. Briand finally brought the matter before the legal authorities in London and virtually forced the Foreign Office to take measures against the activities of the oil trusts. These diplomatic moves were followed by a temporary arrangement whose terms can be roughly summarized as follows: 23.75 per cent for the Near East Development Company (Standard Oil), 23.75 per cent for the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Persian Companies (Royal Shell), 23.75 per cent for France, and 5 per cent for Mr. Gulbenkian, the Armenian gentleman whom Sir Henri Deterding once used as a middleman but who is a bitter enemy of his to-day. It was then that Gulbenkian acquired the nickname of 'the Talleyrand of petroleum.'

France thus got her share, and believed that this source would furnish all her oil at a not distant date. Hoping, with the help of Mosul oil, to shake herself entirely free from the trusts, she naturally missed no opportunity to develop other sources of supply, being convinced that the time had now arrived to carry out her long-wished-for national policy in regard to petroleum.

Such hopes naturally aroused some skepticism. In 1926 France consumed over two million tons of petroleum, benzine, and so forth, and, while 1927 figures are not much greater, the rapid growth of motor traffic certainly will not lead to any decrease in the years to come. Only a small part of her supply is furnished by France herself, and in 1926 the small local developments yielded hardly 160,000 tons. Thus the total annual imports can be estimated at about two million tons. Seventy per

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *January* 29

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cent of this trade is to-day in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon trusts, who have secured control of the French market partly as a result of their activities in the war and partly as a result of their keen price-cutting.

Pooling her insignificant local output, her development of substitutes, her increased capital investment in Polish and Rumanian production, and increased imports from Russia that now supply ten per cent of the French market and could supply as much as twenty per cent, France may well hope that Mosul, added to all these other sources, will give her an opportunity to win back economic independence in this sphere. The Mesopotamian oil fields are an extension of the valuable Anglo-Persian fields that run right up to the Persian-Irak border. Near Baba-Gurgur a new gusher has also been discovered that yielded 3600 tons of crude petroleum in three days. The output of this field is estimated, perhaps rather optimistically, at 3,600,000 tons a year. Since more fields are being opened up, it is believed that the French annual consumption can easily be supplied by Mosul alone — and perhaps all too easily.

No structure is more insecure than one that is built on the future generosity of old Mother Earth. If the French are able to get all the oil they hope for, the increased production involved will oversupply the Anglo-Saxon oil companies, at least as long as the French quota is determined on a percentage basis and not on a territorial basis. Overproduction is imminent, and there is no question but that the big petroleum companies will suffer from it. Will France be strong enough to prevent the neglect of the Mosul oil fields — a policy that would be favorable to the Anglo-Saxon trusts?

There is also the question of pipe lines, which must soon be constructed but which cannot be laid down without the harmonious coöperation of all parties. The English favor a pipe line to the Persian Gulf, or at least to the Palestine coast; whereas the French favor a port on the Syrian coast, having already picked Alexandretta as the boom town. Everyone knows the history of the Mexican pipe lines. Here again the Syrian tribal chiefs will be able to play the rôle that the rebel generals have played in Mexico and threaten the safety of the pipe line. If Alexandretta becomes a big petroleum port, then the dangerous Druse leader, Sultan El Atrash, will be a rich man. The violent opposition recently manifested in France against giving up the Syrian mandate for good and all undoubtedly arises from these plans for a Syrian petroleum port.

There is no reason to believe that M. Berthelot let the thin strands of a Russian petroleum policy slip between his fingers at San Remo. On the contrary, I believe that the rather sudden and all too pompous announcement of the Mosul scheme was designed to reduce the price of Russian naphtha. France does considerable business with Russia just now, although the official diplomatic atmosphere is not exactly friendly. It is known that the Russians see in this oil policy a means of settling the debt question that has been blocking the resumption of normal relations with France. The scheme they have in mind is to guarantee the credit demanded of them by promised deliveries of naphtha to the French Government. The Russian offer has not yet been cast in official form, but it will undoubtedly give the French an excellent opportunity to get back part of their money. The opposition of private French companies who pay tribute to the Anglo-Saxon trusts came to a head when Rakovskii was recalled, but it has subsided of late. If France not

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only renews the Russian contract but, perhaps, extends its scope, then we shall know whether the Royal Shell has finally given up its present intention of blocking Franco-Russian oil deals.

In the further exploitation of the Mesopotamian fields French petroleum policy enters a new phase. This policy, which began when M. Poincaré founded the semiofficial Compagnie Française des Pétroles in 1925 and brought to life the Office National des Combustibles Liquides, tends to assist the French refining industry and to regulate the imports of oil and its by-products, and at the same time fits in with other plans in other parts of the world. In pursuance of this policy the Government has prepared a bill which requires the assent of the President of the Chamber to the importation of any quantity of petroleum exceeding five hundred tons. His opinion, in turn, depends on a commission headed by the above-mentioned official himself and including one representative each from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministries of War and Marine. Under this law the Government also has the right to favor the import of oil from a certain source and to exclude any products whose origins are not acceptable. This is explained in a clause stating that the decision of what is acceptable depends on national interests.

The desire expressed in this law is to profit from the refining of imported crude petroleum, and a second clause, containing a revised tariff favorable to the French refining industry, will assist the matter further. Oil that has already been refined abroad will be difficult to import, but the tariff on crude petroleum will be lowered. In this way the Government hopes to revive the French refining industry, which has steadily lost ground in the last twenty years and amounts to almost nothing to-day. Both measures are still in preliminary stages, but the impetus that M. Briand has given to the whole petroleum question will soon be translated into legislative achievement, especially since the original impetus came from Poincaré, who is himself responsible for the revival of the French petroleum policy.

Poincaré is working along a few simple lines. He wishes to free the French petroleum supply from foreign control and safeguard national security. But he seems to have ignored so important a factor in the development of the French petroluem industry as the future price of petroleum, benzine, and other products. The measures he suggests for developing a national refining industry, protected by a tariff, cannot fail to raise the domestic retail price of the product, perhaps even to a point at which the foreign trusts will be able to renew their struggle for the French market. Indeed, such an opportunity is bound to arise during the five or six years that will elapse before Mosul oil becomes an important factor.

In the same period the attraction of Russian oil will undoubtedly increase, more French capital will be invested in Rumanian and Polish production, and artificial petroleum may be further developed. In spite of all this, however, the French demand will not really be met until Mesopotamia can play a decisive part and escape from the grip of trusts. The present law regarding imports contains loopholes that will permit the old purveyors of oil to renew their old contracts, and the trusts, by utilizing whatever opportunities present themselves, will find themselves banded together in well-organized common action, no matter how bitter their rivalry in other parts of the world may be.

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DENMARK'S ANTIPOLITICAL PROGRAMME[1]

BY AUGUST SCHVAN

THE war that was to end war has resulted in the erection of such tariff walls between the different nations that it is mere rhetoric to speak about peaceful international relations. In Europe alone there are now thirty-eight such walls instead of twenty-six, and their total length is over four thousand miles longer than before the war. Behind these walls class stands everywhere against class. The so-called peace is in reality but the continuous war of all against all, of which the universal increase of the fatal intermingling of politics with economics is the primary cause. Thanks to the simultaneous extension of the parliamentary system, this allows the representatives of the peoples, who originally were intended to protect them from taxgatherers and the arbitrariness of kings, to confiscate their incomes and destroy their liberties to a degree no monarch ever dared.

The natural reaction against this catastrophic state of affairs is everywhere long overdue. But it has as yet occurred only in Denmark, the one European country that, during the war, literally flowed with milk and honey. It alone had an ample supply of food. Wages rose to an unprecedented height. Huge fortunes were made. But they soon melted away. After the Armistice a fever of speculation ruined most of the new rich and many of the old. The biggest bank of the kingdom, Landmandsbanken, lost over thirty million pounds. The Government saddled the taxpayers with a great part of this enormous sum, pleading that this was the only way to avert a collapse of the whole economic life of the nation. To understand the real significance of this extraordinary procedure one must bear in mind that the population of Denmark then was about three and one-third millions!

Before the disaster happened, inflation had already set in. It was due to the imprudent policy both of the Radical-Socialist Government in office during the war and of the issuing bank itself. The Danish crown lost 50 per cent of its par value.

But the Socialist Government, who had sacrificed sound finance to vote-catching, had also for this purpose initiated an extremely unwise so-called social legislation that necessitated a monstrous taxation, particularly of capital. Furthermore, the Budget was burdened with the huge deficits of the bureaucratic administration of the state railways, while it is interesting to note that the majority of the private railway companies managed to make both ends meet.

When deflation came, the result was disastrous. Mortgagees experienced great difficulties. Unemployment rose to the calamitous figure of one hundred thousand, because the trade-unions firmly opposed the wage reductions and the curtailment of the doles that alone could bring down the cost of living and ensure a restarting of production.

As a consequence, taxation is still four times as heavy as before the war,

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *February*

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though the whole of the national and local debts only slightly exceed the comparatively insignificant amount of one hundred and twenty million pounds. Including the surplus price which the consumer has to pay owing to the heavy duties on manufactured articles, taxation thus absorbs a quarter of the total national income.

These are the circumstances under which the Government of the Moderates again took office a little more than a year ago, and after the failure of the preceding Socialist Government.

The deadlock, however, continues. The four traditional parties are so divided that it is impossible to carry any decisive measures. The Conservatives mainly speak for the protectionists, the Moderates for the free-trade peasantry, the Radicals, who are inflationists, for the public employees and half of the small-holders, the Socialists for the great mass of the workers.

It is therefore easy to understand that the ground was well prepared for the new Antipolitical Union which last autumn, for the first time, gained a couple of seats in the Riksdag. It alone can show a clear way out of the present difficulties.

It takes the bull by the horns. It wants a complete separation between politics and economics. The State should merely become the guardian of justice. Everybody should be able to *obtain* and *keep* the full reward of his labor. The complete freedom of exchange must therefore be maintained, and all taxes, direct or indirect, national or local, be abolished. They are simply robbery, whether imposed by an autocrat or by a parliamentary majority.

But, on the contrary, all who exclude others from the direct use of any part of the natural resources that constitute the only source for all commodities owe their fellow beings full compensation for thus curtailing their possibilities of livelihood.

This compensation, the economic rent, is therefore not a tax arbitrarily imposed by some public authority, but a due, a debt, determined by the simple law of supply and demand, according to the situation and productive capacity of each piece of land.

With the removal of all taxes and rates that increase the costs of production, the users of the land will, of course, be both able and willing to pay correspondingly more for its use. In view of the fact that such taxation everywhere in Europe absorbs about a quarter of the gross national income and that the actual economic rent, which is identical with the current rate of interest on the value of unimproved land, averages from four to six pounds per head of population, according to its density, it may be stated, as a general proposition, that the removal of this taxation would double the economic rent.

To levy the whole amount of this from the present landowners, who under the protection of existing laws have their capital invested in land values, would be to commit as glaring an injustice as to 'hit' people with taxes, and nobody but the fanatical 'single-taxers' can contemplate such a proceeding with equanimity.

The most practical way of compensating landowners is to begin by levying only half of the real economic rent, allowing the other half to remain in their pockets until they thus have been able to reconstitute the capital that they have sunk in unimproved land-values. In Denmark, where already about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the gross value of land is collected in annual taxation, this transitory period would last some twenty-five years. Yet even then the payment of half of the real economic

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rent would suffice to cover the necessary public expenditure.

For the central administration of the country the revenue derived from a state bank and the Mint is sufficient. It will cover the cost of the law courts and protection against contagious diseases, floods, and coast erosion.

The collection by the local authorities of the economic rent would enable these to provide the necessary outlay for roads, parks, and so on, police and fire brigades, besides placing at least three pounds annually to the credit of each man, woman, and child, thus meeting the necessary expenditure for schools and insurance as well as old-age pensions until the citizens, freed from state tutelage, have learned to provide for these necessities by their own efforts.

This side of the programme of the Antipolitical Union is of special interest as the present Minister of Education is himself opposed to compulsory education, a standpoint that is not rare among the people, though, of course, violently opposed by the teachers. Nevertheless, it is easy to prophesy that their antiquated and purely egotistical view will soon have to be abandoned. By being freed from the bureaucratic, mechanizing influence of the public authorities real education will profit immeasurably. It will become diversified, practical, and adapted to the requirements of life, instead of conforming to the whims of the powers that be. By leaving the organization of education to parents and the individual teachers whom they choose, it will become possible for the young to grow up into thinking beings instead of being turned into state worshipers with a veneer of false knowledge which is thick enough to prevent independent thought and the development of character. The mere suppression of state interference and administration is a big step toward the reform of education, as the removal of tens of thousands of officials makes it possible to abolish the system of examinations that renders the present schools so inadequate for the purpose of useful instruction.

In this way politics will be reduced to a minimum. The central administration can be carried out by five director-generals presiding over the departments of Justice, Public Works, and Health, and over the Inspectorate of Police and the state bank. They would be appointed by a small State Council of — let us say — fifty members, who assemble every year to revise the laws required for the protection of life, property, and individual freedom, and control their administration. This would scarcely require more than one month's labor. There would therefore be no scope for the misdeeds of professional politicians.

In itself the electoral system devised by the Antipolitical Union in Denmark prevents these from coming to the front. The whole country will form one single constituency. The fifty men or women who obtain the greatest number of votes will constitute the Commonwealth Council, where they will vote with the same number of votes that they have obtained at the general election, plus those which immediately afterward have been transferred to them by the electors who in the first instance voted for candidates who did not succeed. In this way each elector will always have the influence that is his due on every decision taken by the Council. To keep its members straight each elector will possess, besides, the right to transfer his vote from one member to another as soon as he is dissatisfied with the use made of it.

Thus the formation of parties becomes as impossible as the need for them is nonexistent, with the gratifying result that the press would be purified

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and cease to distort facts according to the party wirepullers. All men with ambition and initiative would have to turn to productive work. They would find plenty of employment in the many coöperative societies that would take over the greatest part of the work now done by the sheltered trade of bureaucracy and under the fictitious control of a Parliament and an electorate that are equally ignorant of the overwhelming majority of the questions submitted for their decision.

The complete liberation from state interference and the removal of all tax burdens would place all industries on a paying basis, while foreign capital would flow to the tax-free country. There would, indeed, be no unemployment except for professional politicians.

To make the picture of the new commonwealth complete some words must be added concerning the public debts and the public properties.

The latter should be sold and handed over to private management. Otherwise the existence of sheltered trades is just as inevitable as under the political rule of the trade-unions. Nor may public authorities have anything to do with enterprises that are outside the strictly limited functions of the guardianship of justice.

The value of the public properties in Denmark is so great that they would probably cover the whole amount of the public debts. But should this not be so, the proper way to proceed is to place the obligation of repaying the rest on the owners of accumulated wealth. Of this, a very considerable part is due, partly to the private confiscation of the economic rent, partly to the legal privileges that have prevented many citizens from obtaining the full fruits of their labor. To enable the owners of accumulated wealth to meet their obligations without any interference from political adventurers a specially elected board should take over the liquidation of the public debts.

The removal of all taxation, together with the granting of local self-government and the freeing of education from state control, is the best way of solving the minority problem in Schleswig. Besides, the last war has taught the Germans the enormous advantage of a neutral Denmark. In spite of the incredible incompetence with which they, like all other belligerents, conducted their political and military affairs, there is therefore no reason to fear an attack on Denmark from that side. To expect it from anybody else is to enter the realm of fancy, so dear to those who wish to find an excuse for keeping up the traditional armaments and deliberately close their eyes to the fact that the development of the aerial fleets of the great nations, against which the Danish capital cannot possibly be protected, excludes all possibility of a successful defense. Complete disarmament is therefore not only in conformity with the underlying principles of the new order, but also the only reasonable solution for such a tiny commonwealth as Denmark.

In this connection one has to bear in mind that all so-called foreign policy disappears when the means for making a political alliance are nonexistent and no commercial treaties can be concluded, the commonwealth having no power to impose custom duties or in any way discriminating against aliens, while renouncing the so-called right to protect those nationals who elect to leave the country.

The programme of the Antipolitical Union shows the only possible road to permanent peace. A universal military and naval disarmament must be preceded by an economic disarmament. This again implies political disarmament. Only when each individual can everywhere get the full reward of his

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labor — none can monopolize natural resources and all receive their share of the values created by common effort — can all men work upon equal terms.

There is no reason why the Danish proposals should not be followed also by the great nations with colonial responsibilities. Their populations are so much denser than Denmark's that the proportionately greater economic rent will suffice to defray the expenditure required for the maintenance of armies and navies, and foreign and colonial offices, until possible enemies have themselves taken the same road to political disarmament, or as yet imperfectly civilized races have become capable of guaranteeing the fundamental rights to life, property, and the pursuit of happiness.

The remodeling of the rôle of the State along the lines followed by the Antipolitical Union is also the only way to destroy the Bolshevist cancer. The cry for the dictatorship of the proletariat is not a mere haphazard phenomenon. It is but the inevitable outcome of the supreme folly that has insisted on grafting universal suffrage on to the forms of the time-honored instrument of tutorship that is represented by the sovereign, self-sufficient State. This has, it is true, played a very great part in making the exploration and the linking together of the isolated parts of the earth possible. But it could only fulfill its destiny because, in the main, it was under the guidance of character and intelligence. The advent of democracy has altered this. Power now belongs to those who are best able to bribe and flatter the great, stupid, ignorant masses of the electorate.

Besides, there is no longer any need to keep up the Machiavellian idea that the individual exists for the sake of the State. On the contrary, communication and transport facilities have established the final interdependence of every part of the globe. The *raison d'état* has become a hindrance to civilization. The State must now cease to be a master of the national subject and simply become the local servant of the world citizen, who expects to find his life and property equally well protected wherever he goes and to be free to draw upon all the bounties of the soil wherever found.

Then, and only then, can democracy with its universal suffrage become a blessing instead of a curse. However stupid and ignorant the overwhelming majority in every country may be, it has, nevertheless, the same capacity to appreciate the necessity for security of life and property and for freedom as the more intelligent and knowing minority.

The separation of politics from economics will leave to democracy all that is its due and all that it is capable of doing without destroying itself. It will make both politics and economics inseparable from universal ethics which were never more needed than now, when the restraining influence of doctrinal religion has lost its hold. But ethical inhibitions can never be of real value until they become identical for public and private life. In other words, when those who are entrusted with the conduct of public affairs in the exercise of their mission follow the very same principles that regulate the conduct of the private citizen! To have shown the only way in which this can be accomplished constitutes the everlasting glory of the Danish Antipolitical Union.

Just because it implies an absolute break with the oldest of all traditions, it is indeed the greatest of all human undertakings, and therefore apt to call forth that unbounded enthusiasm of which the present is so sorely in need and which alone can lead mankind out of the calamitous impasse to which the fatal attempt to apply old theories to new conditions has inevitably led.

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AFGHANISTAN VISITS EUROPE

AN ANCIENT LAND REBORN

A ROYAL BABBITT'S PROGRESS [1]

A YEAR ago Amanullah, ruler of the buffer state of Afghanistan that lies between Soviet Russia and India, raised himself from an emir to a king. 'Amanullah' means 'the peace of God,' but the King's real sobriquet is 'the War Lord.' He has often been likened to Mussolini, and his work and talents have also been compared with those of Mustapha Kemal, Riza Khan, and Ibn Saud.

Amanullah has broken with the tradition of his forefathers. They never left their native soil on long journeys abroad, but confined themselves to brief visits to India, where they conferred with the Viceroy — for Afghanistan's foreign relations were confined by treaty to that one contact. From this yoke Amanullah has freed his country. When his father, Emir Habib Ullah Khan, was murdered in 1919, the son refused to recognize his uncle as successor, but set himself up as Governor of Kabul and threw his rival out. Shortly thereafter Amanullah opened his campaign against British India.

The amazing successes won by the Afghan army led to the signing of the peace of Rawalpindi within a year. Thus Afghanistan became an independent state, with whom England concluded a treaty of complete equality in 1921. At the same time Amanullah began his great reforms. He encountered difficulties, especially among the clergy, and revolts broke out in the southwest. It was not, however, surprising that the more intense believers should refuse to accept his reforms, since Afghanistan is the largest Mohammedan country after Turkey. Amanullah refused to give up his modernizing programme, and polygamy almost went out of existence. Girls' schools were developed, textile factories were erected, the army was reorganized, roads and bridges for automobile traffic were constructed, airports were built, and diplomatic representatives were sent to Berlin, Rome, Paris, Moscow, and London to put the country in touch with Europe.

The young ruler's energy soon made Afghanistan a significant factor in world politics, although the country is shut off from the sea. The purpose of his present trip he has himself explained in a speech at Naples. He wants to see with his own eyes the best of European civilization and society, in order to transplant it to Afghanistan. His journey is more than a good-will visit to various capitals, for it involves Afghanistan, as well as the countries visited, in important political, economic, and cultural questions.

The King was thirty-six on the first of June, 1927. Five years before that he married Sha Khanum, the daughter of his Foreign Minister, Sirdar Mohammed beg Khan Tarsi, who formerly served as Ambassador to Paris. His

[1] By One of the Party, from *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin big-business daily), *January 27*

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wife is now thirty years old, and has borne him two boys and four girls. She is known as Thuraya, 'the Starry One.' Like other distinguished Afghans, the King speaks Persian most of the time, but he also understands Turkish and French. He does not touch alcohol or tobacco.

After long and carefully arranged preparations, the royal travelers set forth from Kabul on the ninth of December. Oriental custom requires that a kingly pair be accompanied by a large following, which in this case included the Crown Prince, Rahamatollah Khan; the Foreign Minister and his wife; the Secretary of State, formerly Ambassador in Berlin; the Governor of Kabul; the President of the Parliament; the Court Marshal; the Undersecretary of War; the Secretary of the Treasury; and four officers of high rank. The Secretary of War remained in Kabul as Regent.

One might suppose that the royal party would take the shortest way to Peshawar and Bombay. Tradition, however, forbids this, for the ruler who is quitting his country must give a farewell durbar in whatever place family ties bind him most closely. As a result of this custom the party went south to Kandahar, where they stopped for three days. On the twelfth of December they crossed the border of Baluchistan at Chaman, proceeding south by rail. The King took a fond farewell of his native land. Going up to three members of the jubilant throng, — a tribal leader, a common soldier, and a peasant, — he kissed each of them, and said: 'This is my farewell to the tribal leaders.' 'This is my farewell to the army.' 'This is my farewell to the peasants.'

An arch of triumph, painted white and gold, was erected at the border, where the British representatives awaited the King. Salutes were fired, cavalry manœuvred, and a military band played the Afghan national anthem, while airplanes flew above. Nothing was forgotten. The second great reception took place at the railway station. Amanullah was handed two telegrams of greeting, one from the King of England and the other from the Indian Viceroy. The Queen, with her ladies, appeared in European dress, but still retained her transparent white veil. This she also wore in India and Egypt, but abandoned in Europe at the request of the King.

After the official ceremony was over the King showed great interest in the locomotive of his special train, and likewise examined all the station equipment. At Karachi an even more enthusiastic reception took place — a royal garden party. The British officials, however, did not approve of the King making an outspoken address to the people, in which he urged his hearers to stop disputing with each other. The women's society of Karachi gave a special festival for the Queen, including a review of Girl Scouts.

At eight the next morning the King appeared in the Zoölogical Gardens, and breakfasted afterward with the Afghan Consul, driving the automobile himself. Later he visited the military airport, where nothing escaped his notice, and where he saw the hangar for the new British dirigible. At one of the civil airports the King was very eager to go up himself, but there was not time. Thirty-one salutes thundered forth as the party stepped on board the steamer Manele to sail for Bombay.

On board ship the King changed into a sports suit. He was especially interested in the radio station, and was sorry it could not get in touch with Kabul. He shot a few sea gulls, and showed himself a skillful hand at deck tennis.

Then came Bombay, where the

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British Governor had to represent the Viceroy, who was sick. The King landed in full uniform. More salutes, more escorts of honor, and in the evening a huge state banquet with speeches. The one hundred and forty guests included Agar Khan and the Maharajah of Idar. The Queen ate at a separate table with the Viceroy's wife and the wife of Governor Wilson.

At this point two difficulties arose, for the Viceroy had forbidden any public addresses in the city. Nevertheless, the King acted as if he were in Kabul and made a speech in the Mohammedan quarter of the town, after praying at the mosque. A triumphant procession followed him, loudly shouting '*Allaho Akbar!*' and 'Long live the King of Afghanistan!'

In one of the big public squares an impressive scene occurred. The King and his followers were standing on a platform, which the mob almost destroyed. The press box was overrun, and the press representatives had to seek refuge near the King, who took advantage of the occasion to make a short speech. He thanked his hearers for the hearty welcome, and assured them that in his country no distinctions were drawn between Hindus and Moslems, advising the Indians to do likewise. 'I am traveling in Europe,' he said, 'for the good of my country and for the good of Islam. I am sure that the sympathy of my fellow believers accompanies me on my mission.'

Five thousand Mohammedans awaited the King at the chief mosque of the city, where he made a speech — something that had never been done in this holy place before. Religious toleration was his theme: if they would respect the religious customs of the Hindus, the Hindus would reciprocate; but when they made fun of the Hindus they were doing themselves harm. The police did their best to hold back the mob. A similar scene occurred at the City Hall, when the King appeared in civil clothes, wearing a fez. He was greeted by a welcoming address and roars of applause, which he acknowledged by waving a newspaper. He was also given a number of homemade presents. 'God is great!' he shouted to the crowd, who echoed back his cry, but not loud enough for the King's taste. 'Shout louder!' he exclaimed, and frenzied yells greeted him. His own speech lay in a silver box, as did another address that he delivered at a Moslem high-school garden party later that afternoon, where he once more urged religious tolerance among people of different beliefs. Although the English obviously did not approve of these scenes, they could not prevent them.

Since the King wanted to go to the horse races the next day, the departure of his steamer for Egypt had to be postponed five hours. The ship was accompanied by a dozen hydroplanes until it reached the open sea, when it fired a hundred salutes.

Past Aden and through the Suez Canal, the ship continued to Port Said. At the narrowest part of the Canal the Egyptian Camel Corps had been drawn up. Early in the morning of December 26 Amanullah landed and received Prince Omar Tussan and many other notables. Proceeding by special train to Cairo, the party was greeted by flags and decorated streets thronged with people. King Fuad himself came down to the station, together with the princes of the House, his ministers, and the President of Parliament, all clothed in full uniform. The two kings greeted each other cordially. Twenty-one salutes were fired, and the Afghan Royal Family drove in a six-horse carriage, and not in an automobile, through lines of soldiers and police to the Giza Villa, because

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the Abdin Palace could not be made ready in time. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Asisa Hassan, followed soon after the King.

At noon the British High Commissioner was announced, and then the Diplomatic Corps appeared. As in India, the King and Queen were given a state banquet. Amanullah wore the highest order of Mohammed Ali, and the whole affair was carried out according to the ceremony of the English Court. Accompanied by the Queen, Amanullah visited Luxor and the Pyramids, and all the industrial plants and technical schools. He also discussed political questions, expressing the wish to conclude a treaty of friendship with Egypt.

On New Year's Day a little excitement occurred. Amanullah no longer wore a fez, but appeared in the dress of an English race-horse owner, with a gray top hat, cutaway, striped trousers, and a walking stick. The privilege of wearing this costume had always been confined in Egypt to the British High Commissioner, and the professors in the El Azhar University, the highest Mohammedan educational institution, were indignant. Although the professors had shown particular respect for Amanullah, they promptly turned on him when he wore a gray top hat in public. But it made no impression on him. He explained that people had worn hats like his in Afghanistan for centuries, and that Europe had copied this style from his country.

On top of this, there was a scene in Parliament that the English relished little enough and that they tried to prevent, because they feared the King would interfere in the affairs of a foreign nation. Nevertheless, he made an outspoken address to the Egyptian Chamber, expressing the warmest sympathy for King Fuad and the Egyptian people. The English feared he would show sympathy for the late Zaghlul Pasha and Djemal ed Din Afghani. The latter was a famous apostle of the Pan-Islam movement, and the author of a book called *The Sword against Islam*. The Egyptian deputies were delighted with the King, and hailed him loudly as a democratic monarch.

In the Engineering School, where the King himself participated in a number of experiments, he made a speech to the students. To the Egyptian Museum Amanullah presented three weapons, — two swords and a gold-inlaid carbine, — all of which had been made in Afghanistan during the eighteenth century. Shortly before the King's departure he summoned the press representatives about him and explained to them how Afghanistan had won through in its fight for independence. Naturally that did not please the English at all. He then touched upon the question of dress, and concluded by saying that he believed in complete freedom in matters of this sort; whereupon the Egyptian students, whom the professors were forever harassing with this very question, accorded him an immense ovation.

From Alexandria the King sailed to Naples, where he was greeted by his European diplomats, including his Ambassador to Moscow. A reception by the Italian Royal Family at Rome followed. The Governor of the City met the travelers at the station, and the party passed between rows of troops and through decorated streets to the Quirinal, while an airship flew above. At noon Mussolini received them in the Quirinal. The Afghan Queen had now laid aside her veil, and appeared in a black dress with a bunch of red roses. She and all the ladies accompanying her, including the King's sister and her own sister, impressed everyone with their great beauty. The

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King surprised the Italians by answering their speeches of welcome in their own tongue.

On the eighth of January a dinner was given at the Quirinal in honor of the royal pair. The Italian King announced in his speech that, in a pact sealed in 1921 by Count Sforza, Italy showed herself the first European country to recognize Afghanistan's independence. Amanullah introduced a slightly different nuance in his reply, saying that Italy was the first 'Allied' nation to recognize his native land.

The King of Italy accompanied his distinguished guest to the Ciampino flying field, where a hundred airplanes were drawn up on parade, fifty of which took off at once. After the inspection the King of Italy presented his guest with an armored automobile, which was at once shipped to Kabul.

Amanullah's visit to the Pope was a significant occasion. He is the only Mohammedan king except Fuad of Egypt who has ever been received at the Vatican, and a special ceremonial has now been devised for such visits. Amanullah's party were not driven from their quarters in carriages, but in the automobiles which the Pope has just introduced. They were received by the Swiss Guards in the Court of San Damaso, while the papal orchestra played the Afghan national anthem. Since this anthem contains a prayer to Allah, it was indeed extraordinary, being the first time the papal orchestra has ever played a Mohammedan hymn.

The Pope awaited his guest in a little throne-room. Under the throne's canopy two seats were arranged, one for the Pope and the other for the King. Amanullah did not bend his knee to the Pope, nor did he kiss the Pope's ring; he merely bowed very low. Their conversation, which lasted fifteen minutes, was conducted in French through an interpreter, although the King himself understands the language. At the end the Pope decorated the King with the Order of the Golden Seed, and likewise gave him a signed picture of himself and a valuable little miniature. After this the King met Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, whom he invested with an honor of his own that included a special mantle. The King also made a gift of a thousand pounds to charity, which was handed over to the Governor of Rome. The King of Italy invested his guest with the highest order he could give him, and Crown Prince Umberto and Mussolini were in their turn given high Afghan honors.

After this visit the Afghan royal couple went to St. Peter's, which was barred from the public for two hours. More than once the King expressed in French his astonishment at the architecture, and he stood for a long time contemplating the bronze statue of Saint Peter, and asked what the key in the apostle's hand meant. When he was shown the saint's tomb, the King and all his suite bowed, standing still for a brief moment with their hands crossed in devotion. This was an exchange of courtesies — an acknowledgment of the reception by the papal orchestra; for it was the first time that a Mohammedan ruler had ever prayed at the tomb of the Apostle Peter.

With evidences of great emotion, the King left the holy place, going on to the basilica, where he could not believe that the costly frescoes were made out of mosaics and not painted.

The royal travelers passed through Spezia, Pisa, Florence, Venice, Milan, Turin, and other Italian cities. The King was particularly interested in the automobile factories, and placed orders for one hundred machines, many other gentlemen in his entourage following his example.

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AFGHANISTAN TO-DAY[2]

[THE author of this article has recently visited Afghanistan to make a study of its political and strategic importance. He is also the author of two books on Asia — *Sur la route des Indes* and *En Asie.*]

I DO not know if Afghanistan was the cradle of humanity, as its inhabitants pretend, but one thing is certain — ever since remotest antiquity it has been one of the highways of the world. National migrations, conquering invaders, and commercial currents have passed through its mountains, and the possession of this enormous and formidable entrenched camp has been bitterly disputed for centuries by the great adventurers and by the great founders or destroyers of empires. Whether they came from the West like Alexander, or from the North like Genghis Khan, they could only reach India by traversing Afghanistan, and they could only establish themselves in the Indian valleys as long as they held its keys. From time immemorial Kabul, Ghazni, and Kandahar have been the doors to India.

In Afghanistan the civilizations and the religions of the Orient and the Occident have also come in contact. Zoroaster's dogma, we are assured, was born in Balkh. From India to the south came Buddhism, and reached as far as Jalalabad and Bamian, where it encountered Greek art and mythology. Crossing the eastern plateaus, Chinese and Mongolian thought penetrated as far as the Hindu Kush. The legendary or historic route of the Apostle Thomas, who first carried the Gospels to India, traversed Afghanistan; and Islam followed the same road some centuries later when it descended on Lahore and spread all over the Indian peninsula. The entire history of this country is explained by the fact that its natural configuration makes it a mountain-sheltered fortress, and that it lies between Persia and China as well as between Turkestan and India.

The present and future fortunes of Afghanistan depend on the same circumstances. All the conquerors who were seeking the fabulous wealth of India from the days of Alexander the Great to Nadir Shah set themselves up more or less permanently in the Afghan country. The day that the assassination of Nadir delivered Afghanistan from its last period of slavery, its independence was at once menaced by new masters in India. In 1839 the English crossed the mountain frontier for the first time and advanced as far as Ghazni. In 1842 a formidable revolt, animated by the Russians, forced the English troops to retreat. This affront, however, was soon avenged. England took Kabul, where she installed a puppet sovereign of her own.

There was only one way for the Afghans to escape from British tutelage, and that was to turn to Russia, their northern neighbor, and the most redoubtable opponent of English power in Asia. Then, when Russia became too menacing, Afghanistan would about-face and appeal to England.

The inconveniences of this shifty game did not escape the penetrating eye of Gladstone, who tried to end it by offering to recognize, in conjunction with Russia, the independence of the Afghan Empire. This was a wise move, but events move relentlessly, men change, and conditions with them. The famous conception of the route to India, further enlarged by Lord Curzon, once more threatened the equilibrium of Central Asia and endangered

[2] By Maurice Pernot, in *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris Liberal foreign-affairs weekly), *January* 28

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Afghanistan. And recently, by an unforeseen stroke of fortune, this battered, isolated, disorganized country checked the policies of the largest modern Empire.

Afghanistan's young sovereign, Amanullah Khan, has two great merits. In the first place, he cleverly profited from the circumstances following the Great War, and gained his country's independence by force of arms. This work was then recognized by solemn treaties. The humiliating game of trying to dissimulate a double state of vassalage, both alternate and simultaneous, gave place to the honest and regular business of diplomatic agreements concluded between equals. The year 1921, when all this happened, witnessed the new empire gathering the fruits of a successful campaign. Two treaties of peace were skillfully negotiated — one with the Russians at Moscow, and the other with the English at Kabul.

Without further loss of time, Amanullah at once opened negotiations with Turkey and Persia, and simultaneously sent an ambassador to Europe. This man's mission was to obtain recognition by the principal states of Amanullah's sovereignty and of Afghan independence, and likewise to open up diplomatic relations. France, Germany, Italy, and Belgium welcomed the Emir's envoy. The Afghan Empire also placed itself in such a position that it would never again be isolated or helplessly exposed to the enterprises of two neighboring Powers, and in case of any accident there would be witnesses on hand. In hardly four years, from 1919 to 1923, the young sovereign had given his country liberty and won it a position in the world.

Amanullah's second merit was that he understood the singular advantages Afghanistan could derive from its geographic position, and he applied himself to preparing the country to reap these advantages. The ancient and modern conquerors for whom Afghanistan was the inevitable highway to Asia had concentrated primarily upon its military and strategic importance, but Amanullah wisely recognized its economic and commercial value too. Having witnessed the parallel efforts of Russia in the north and of England in the south, both of whom were trying to deviate the current of world trade in a direction favorable to their own interests, he clearly realized that two obstacles were blocking the two rivals — ancient tradition and geographical reality. Why should not the old route of the migrating nations, of the soldiers, pilgrims, and merchants, become once more an important commercial highway, the economic artery connecting China with the Mediterranean, Asia with Europe?

In his own palace Amanullah has explained to me the governing idea of his policy. 'Afghanistan,' he said in substance, 'has an important rôle to play in modern Asia. It is the same rôle she played in ancient Asia, the rôle to which she was destined, and to which her geographic situation and the lay of her valleys destine her still. But if we want our territory to become the highway of the world, we must first construct a network of roads, and then put the country in a position to reap the advantages that international traffic will inevitably offer.'

With a perfect knowledge of his country, the Emir began enumerating the roads actually under construction, as well as those which were still only planned. He described the regions these roads were traversing and the obstacles they encountered, the time it would take to finish them, and the natural wealth that could be exploited

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when they were completed. 'When our road system is complete,' he added, 'we shall begin thinking about railways.'

All Amanullah's other reforms are explained and illuminated by this central idea. To modernize the army that guarantees his country's independence, to organize education by opening schools and by sending the most promising youths of the country abroad to study engineering and to equip themselves for the great economic work of the future, to improve the primitive and even barbaric customs, and to increase the contacts between Afghanistan and the outside world — these are the chief subjects of his concern. Amanullah sees things on a grand scale and wants to move fast. Some people reproach him with seeing things on too grand a scale and with wanting to move too fast, but, if I may be permitted to pass judgment, I should say that this young sovereign fully realizes the difficulties he will encounter, but that he only lingers over them long enough to be quite able to solve them properly.

All his desire for progress, all his ardor for realization, which is one of his favorite words, have not made him lose sight for a moment of the prime necessity of preserving the independence he has regained. 'We have not escaped from the tutelage of our neighbors,' one of his ministers said to me, 'only to fall into other chains. We have seen too clearly what has happened to certain Oriental states to wish to modernize ourselves too quickly. In a short time they have had roads, railways, factories, and electric power. But at what a price! Afghanistan has no foreign debt, and she does not want one. Our programme is, no loans and no concessions. The progress of Afghanistan will be realized as much as possible by the Afghans themselves. This is not xenophobia; it is prudence.'

Afghanistan only demands of its former enemies, who remain its neighbors, that they renounce at once all political aspirations. Amanullah means to live in peace with both England and Russia, but the rôle of buffer state which those nations made his country play for too long a time he conceives in his own fashion, and it differs from the way that Moscow and London envisage it. By improved organization of his own forces he counts on gaining the respect of certain elements among his powerful neighbors that might fall into a state of rivalry that would cost him dear.

Once more the will of a single man, assisted by favorable circumstances, may be able to solve a great political problem. For centuries the existence and the vicissitudes of the Afghan nation have only been conceived in terms of the rival fortunes of various Great Powers. Afghanistan exists today, and, thanks to the efforts of her sovereign, she is developing on her own account into a wider sphere of activity. The rôle of Afghanistan has been marked on the map and written in history, yet it required a patriot and a keen realist to understand that 'the road from Constantinople to Peking passes through Kabul,' as that great student of Asia, Professor Molden, wrote in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* twelve years ago. Some day Amanullah's proudest boast will be that he has realized this prophecy to the benefit of his own country and to the profit of the entire world.

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WHERE RUSSIA MEETS RUMANIA[1]

BY GUY MOUNEREAU

THERE was no one to greet me that evening at Tighina on the Russian-Rumanian frontier, and out of the Ukraine a strong wind was blowing. The poplars on the avenue swayed like the masts of ships in a heavy sea, and clouds of dust rose skyward, obscuring the effects of a superb autumn night. I could barely discern the huddled figure of a coachman whose equipage consisted of a broken-down old troika drawn by a phantom horse.

'*Izvoshchik*, Hôtel de Paris!'

As the izvoshchik turned to look at me, I saw that he was a frightful old drunkard, who had even sold the silver knobs on his belt to buy vodka. His carriage was a skeleton, and the single plank behind the coachman's seat was only furnished with a few cushions. As for the hood, it had vanished long ago, the money that it brought perhaps going into food or drink.

As soon as we left the station the wind wrapped us in a cloud of dust. The demon coachman whipped his beast, shouted, and swore. He then made a speech, assuring me that I was the victim of an unlucky fate, for his horse refused to do anything but walk that evening. For my part, I thought that the animal was lucky to be alive.

Half an hour later we saw the first houses. The izvoshchik stopped before the only one that was lighted. 'Hôtel de Paris,' he announced to me.

'Not at all; this is the Hôtel Petrograd.'

'Same thing,' replied the drunkard obstinately.

No sooner had he offered this lie than he was knocked off his seat and given a tremendous kick in the rear. It was the proprietor of the neighboring Hôtel de Paris, avenging the outraged cause of truth.

'You old rascal, saying that the Hôtel de Paris and the Hôtel Petrograd are the same thing! How can anyone tell such lies? All honest travelers stay with me.'

Although only a few people walk the streets of Tighina at eleven o'clock in the evening, two groups suddenly formed and began exchanging the most vehement insults. The supporters of the Hôtel de Paris tried to take my valises from the champions of the Petrograd, and promptly a fight ensued; it was a horrible scene.

A few minutes later, when I told my host, who had finally stopped the fighting, that I had come straight through from Paris to see Tighina, he surveyed me with stupid amazement.

'There is nothing to see at Tighina.'

'Yes, there is the Russian frontier, where I am going right now.'

'At eleven o'clock in the evening?'

'Certainly.'

'You'll get lost and be arrested.'

'No, you'll give me a guide.'

There are only two hotels in Tighina, and not more than four travelers a month. Under these circumstances, even the most valuable excuse cannot prevail against a customer who shows

[1] From *L'Écho de Paris* (Clerical daily), *February* 4, 5, 6

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such determination, and I obtained what I wanted.

As soon as I arrived at Bucharest I said I wanted to see Tighina. People said that the trip was too long — a journey of twenty-six hours. Tighina, I was told, was a tiny Bessarabian village, and thoroughly uninteresting.

Maybe, I reflected; but to me Tighina was more than a village — it was a symbol. Standing only a few yards away from Russia and the Bolshevist Ukraine, it represented the last bastion of the Occidental world, the farthest outpost of civilization. On the map you can barely discern the name of this enormous metropolis, situated at a bend of the Dniester River. What of it? I should be able to see with my own eyes the other bank of the Dniester where the Unknown begins. From Tighina you can see the first Russian village and the town of Tiraspol, just as you can descry the silhouette of Odessa from Cetatea-Alba on the Black Sea. The Soviets refused me permission to penetrate their country. I shall at least console myself, therefore, by going as far as their door.

'You're ready?'

A dark, wizened little fellow asks me this question. He is my guide. He is also a gypsy, which means he is a fantastic, polyglot type. All Rumanian gypsies who neither sing nor dance are servants — unless, of course, they are highway robbers. Often they combine these different social occupations, which enhances their interest.

'We shall go,' he tells me, 'to the fortress below, in order to avoid patrols and shooting. The Dniester grows narrow there, and you can see the Russian bank more clearly.'

The wind had abated, and the sky was as limpid and clear as it is in Greece or Asia Minor at night. The moonlight was so beautiful and so pure that it would have filled the dullest soul with lyricism. After many twistings and turnings, we finally arrived at the Dniester, some two or three kilometres away from Tighina. Silence and solitude surrounded us, though from time to time we heard the distant baying of dogs. 'The chances are that we have not been seen,' said the gypsy, 'but if we have, you will hear some shooting.'

On the Rumanian side, where we were standing, the bank of the Dniester was quite low. On the Russian side, less than eighty yards away, a cliff emerged in the moonlight. It rose almost sheer, and had a sentry path running along its face, about halfway up.

For the next half-hour our only distraction was the gentle, monotonous gurgling of the waters of the Dniester and a little trembling light on the distant horizon beyond the cliff.

Suddenly a quite simple thing occurred — a Red soldier appeared on the curving path opposite. Having good eyes, I was able to see his features. He seemed to be moving back and forth, with his gun strapped over his shoulder, and wore the apparent air of indifference peculiar to a person who is waiting for his fatigue duty to come to an end. Several times he looked over at our side of the river — no doubt by chance. Suddenly I gave a start.

'*Notch prekrasna!*' shouted the gypsy. 'Notch prekrasna!'

'You're crazy!' I protested.

The Red soldier on the other side stopped and tried to discover where the voice had come from. Then he shouted — and his voice coming to us from across the river sounded like an echo: '*Notch dolga, tovarishch!*'

We had arisen. 'This is absurd,' I kept repeating. 'Absurd! What did you say to the soldier?'

The gypsy laughed, showing all his teeth. 'I just said to him, "Notch prek-

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rasna" — "The night is beautiful." They cannot hang a man for that.'

'No, but it's enough to have you get a couple of bullets in your skin. What did he answer?'

'"Notch dolga, tovarishch"—"The night is long, comrade." And now let's go.'

We returned by another road. In a humble, solitary house we heard the sound of song, and the next moment I was stopped. All I could think of, however, was the plaint of that enemy soldier — 'Notch dolga, tovarishch. The night is long, comrade.' I thought I recognized there the cry of an oppressed people seeking for deliverance from unending darkness. Notch dolga — the night is long in Holy Russia.

The next day I was awakened rudely. 'Hurry up,' said the hotel keeper; 'they are coming out on the bridge.'

'Who?'

'The Bolsheviki. That's what interests you, is n't it? To-day they are celebrating something — I don't know what. Probably the tenth anniversary of the Revolution. Hurry to the fortress. That's where you'll get the best view.'

I forgot to mention that Tighina possesses a famous bridge. It lacks any archæological value, but it bears witness to the energy with which the Rumanians are defending themselves against Bolshevist power.

The important city of Kishinev, now called Chisinau, is the capital of Bessarabia and has become Rumanian again. A railway connects it with the Ukraine, spanning the Dniester at Tighina. At the end of the war, when the last Bolshevist soldier left Bessarabia, the Rumanians blew up half of the Tighina bridge. The other half, belonging to Soviet Russia, remained intact. Since then the gap in the bridge testifies to the Rumanians' desire to avoid all contact with their neighbors.

The fortress of Tighina stands on a lofty bank of the Dniester. It is a strategic point of the first order, and on the Russian side dominates the Ukrainian plains and on the Rumanian side the rolling country of Bessarabia. Here it has stood for centuries just as it was at the end of the Middle Ages, with its embattled towers, its loopholes, and its pitfalls. Its enormous fortifications measure several kilometres in circumference, and its silhouette evokes memories of Carcassonne. During the nineteenth century the Russians installed several large barracks here, which the Rumanians still use to-day.

'You arrived at the right moment,' explained the Rumanian captain to whose guidance I had been committed. '*They* have been tremendously excited for the last few days. This morning the Bolshevist bells in the village of Barkany — which, as you see, is a suburb of Tighina on the other bank — woke us up. Then they fired salutes, and now they are up to some monkey-shines on the bridge.'

We followed the bank of the Dniester until we were opposite the bridge. The metal wreckage blocked half the river, whose course was shifted to the other side. 'Come along,' said the captain; 'I'll take you to the extreme limits of the frontier, to the very middle of the Dniester. You have to be an acrobat to get there, but let's try.'

It was no easy job, but we somehow succeeded in reaching the central pier of the bridge, where the frontier office was situated. 'And now,' said my companion, 'dip your hand in the Dniester, for you can go no farther.'

We returned to the Rumanian bank and waited. Eighty yards away on the Bolshevist side two platoons of Red soldiers had been assembled at the base of the bridge. A band, followed by three or four hundred people, was marching down one of the Barkany

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streets toward the river. This procession continued as far as the middle of the bridge, the extreme limit of the U. S. S. R., and on the edge of the abyss a curious ceremony began. One of the men turned toward us, toward Bessarabia and Rumania, toward the Old World, and addressed us in Russian. I heard every word, though I did not understand what it all meant.

This lasted at least ten minutes, during which time the Red women uttered loud, excited cries. The big, eloquent speaker, who must have been the president of the Barkany or Tiraspol soviet, gave us one last pitying glance before turning around. The procession then left the bridge and returned to terra firma, where it disappeared among the houses in the village. A donkey, three boys, and two Bolshevist soldiers were soon the only living creatures to be seen on the other side.

'Why do they go in for such absurd manifestations?' I asked the captain.

'Who knows? Perhaps to convert us; or at least to convert any of their relatives on our side of the river. I know families half of whom live in Barkany and the other half in Tighina.'

'And is there no way they can join each other — no means of crossing those eighty yards of water?'

'None at all; and, in any case, it is dangerous. Every week we have machine-gun battles with people on the other side who try to send spies across. And it is no easier to get from Rumania to Russia than from Russia to Rumania. Our soldiers guard the entire length of the Dniester, which serves as our frontier with the U. S. S. R.; and their soldiers do the same thing.'

'In short, the Soviet consul in Paris who refused me a visa was right when he said that a silent war was going on.'

'Precisely.'

'And you have no contacts with the Bolsheviki?'

'Occasionally a mixed tribunal meets to regulate current matters, but the Bolsheviki prefer to send as representatives men who have been condemned as criminals in our country, and that does not make matters any easier.'

As I left the fortress I encountered a doctor whom I had met the night before on the train.

'Did you see the audacity of those rascals?' he asked me. 'As a Rumanian and as a Russian, I am equally infuriated.'

'Which are you?'

'Both. I am of Russian birth, and a naturalized Rumanian, since I live in Bessarabia. Would n't you like to come and see me this evening? A few friends are going to get together, and we can have a talk.'

I went.

The doctor poured out drinks and acted as host until the small hours of the morning. He had assembled together various companions in misfortune, — an adviser to the Embassy, a porter from Kishinev station, a former banker, a Tighina photographer, and another Russian whose original profession I could not discover, — all of whom had been driven together by the fortunes of war and peace, for they were former officers in the White armies.

'I must excuse myself,' said the doctor, 'for having only been able to get hold of five gypsies. However, they dance and sing fairly well, and we must be satisfied with such things at the ends of the earth.'

He also had several carafes full of a golden vodka, perfumed and very strong. This drink is the mother of all illusions. We sat alone in a little café where a lamp was burning in front of a golden icon. 'Drink,' the doctor urged me. 'I made this vodka myself, for I used to have a factory before I came to Kishinev. It's good, pure stuff. Upon

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my word, you'll never find anything better.' He was an intelligent fellow, and smiled as he announced: 'A doctor at Kief, a beggar at Constantinople, a porter at the Piræus, an alcohol manufacturer at Kishinev — that is my life. I was lucky enough to have a few goods on this side of the Dniester. But I was also a deserter. I left Kief in 1922, when I was drafted into the Red army. They looked for me, but could not find me, although I am very close to them now.'

At two in the morning I asked the man sitting on my left for his life history. He was the adviser at the Embassy, and his life was just as extraordinary as the other man's. He had been a colonel under Kolchak, a boatman on the Bosporus, a dancing teacher at Pera, a clerk for a Jew in Jassy, and a porter at Kishinev. His history was a succession of up and downs.

The banker had a sister in Smyrna, a brother in Egypt, and parents in Siberia. He was perfectly resigned to his lot, and followed the rhythm of the gypsies' songs with an almost imperceptible movement of his hand.

'When all of us were young,' he said, 'we were students in Petrograd.'

I was cruel enough to interrupt. 'But what do you expect?' I asked him. 'What do you hope for? For ten years the Bolsheviki have been in power over there, and you know how they have hung on.'

He did not dare to reply that he expected a miracle, but that was clearly what he thought.

'The strength of the Bolsheviki is more apparent than real,' the doctor answered. 'There are scarcely two million Bolsheviki in Russia out of a total of one hundred and forty million inhabitants. And even these two million are devouring each other. There are three or four million émigrés like ourselves ready to sacrifice our lives for Russia. Perhaps that strikes you as a ridiculous idea. You have before you here three Russians, three former officers, who have endured the worst misery conceivable. We fear nothing now. None the less, we live as close to our country as possible. Once a month we hold a reunion. A miserable river separates us from our native land, and on the other side of that river lies everything that we love. Perhaps we are utterly ridiculous, but we are waiting, just the same. We are waiting as near as possible to the scene of action. Waiting for what? A sign, *the* sign.

'It cannot go on indefinitely. A country like Russia cannot be stifled under such a wretched government. Then, too, consider the attraction that such a forbidden country exercises.'

Just before dawn the doctor, who had meanwhile confided many more things to me, asked: 'If I am not indiscreet, may I inquire why you came to Tighina? For nobody ever comes here.'

'The attraction of a forbidden country,' I answered. 'That's why I put my hand in the waters of the Dniester this morning. I am not wanted on the other side of the frontier. I asked the Soviet Ambassador in Paris to visé my passport to Russia, but I was refused, for I am under suspicion. Nevertheless, I only tell what I see, and only repeat what I hear.'

'That was off key.'

The gypsies were playing the prelude of a Caucasian dance — a wild, nostalgic *gestinka* that seemed to be addressed to all the dead of Holy Russia. At that moment I witnessed an impressive spectacle. The Kishinev porter adjusted his boots, strapped up his leather waistcoat, stuck a fur cap on his head, and executed a frenzied dance with a skill that I shall never forget. 'That's the way we were in the old days.'

'And it's the way we have remained,'

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continued the doctor. 'There are thousands of men like ourselves, exiled and ready for any sacrifice. But,' he added, 'we have no leaders. . . .' And then he continued in a still more subdued voice, 'And, furthermore, we have made beasts of ourselves before and after 1917.'

Notch dolga — Russia's night is long. The cry of the Red soldier that I had heard the evening before across the Russian frontier, the cry that dissolved itself at my feet in the waters of the Dniester, echoed in my ears again as I left these proscripts.

'The night is long,' repeated the doctor — 'desperately long; but every night has a dawn — every one.'

TRAVELS IN KASHMIR[1]

BY BERNHARD KELLERMANN

WHITE strips of cloth flap from the dry, protruding twigs and branches on the flat clay roofs of the houses. The black tails of yaks wave in the wind. Walls line the highway. Sometimes they are only a few yards long; at other times they extend unbroken for fifty or a hundred. These walls are made of boulders about two yards high and two yards across. On top of them lie flat rocks, which are often beautifully inscribed with the holy words, *Om mani padme hum*, and other propitious prayers and formulas. Thousands, if not millions, of these stones have been piled up by the true believers.

We encounter our first statue. Near the town of Maulba Chamba stands the rock-hewn figure of Maitreya, twenty-five feet high. This good Buddha has a broad, triumphant laugh on his full lips, and it is prophesied that in five thousand years he will appear again to reform the Buddhist Church. In his hands he bears a wreath of roses and a huge garland of other flowers.

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *January* 19.

There is also a carven stone figure of Maitreya about ninety feet high, with enormous white puppets fluttering above it, like ghostly figures ever beckoning the true believers. All the caravans must stop at the statue of the laughing Maitreya, who guards the entrance to the country of the Red Lama.

The monastery of Lama-Yuru is the westernmost stronghold of the lamas. It is lodged, like an inaccessible robbers' den, in a rocky crevice. Three prayer drums, the size of tubs, stand in a niche of the low entrance door, and no believer who enters or leaves the monastery may pass them by without beating upon them. The monastery itself contains brightly painted galleries in the Chinese style — for the breath of the Yellow Dragon has penetrated even to here. White cloths, flags, and the black tails of yaks hang from the roofs of the temple and of the living quarters. It looks as if all the tattered laundry of the monastery had been hung out to dry.

Lamas dressed in dark red costumes with high red hats gaze at me with friendly curiosity, and the red nuns

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emerge on the roofs, for visitors are rare specimens here. The monks and nuns wear cowls and sandals full of tears and patches, and they seem to have overcome all human vanity in respect to cleanliness. The only exception to this rule was one young nun of real beauty; all the rest were old and extraordinarily ugly.

The poor old dusky temple of Lama-Yuru makes one feel uneasy at first. Here and there an oil lamp flickers, a yellow light gleams, or a pair of white eyes stare out of the darkness. The air is mouldy, and all is silent as the grave. You feel that you are in some fantastic storeroom, for you soon descry a dusty cabinet full of cowering wax figures dressed in torn brocade and woolen rags, and wearing the usual lama hats over their broad, weary, golden faces. These followers of Buddha are defunct Tibetan apostles and deceased abbots. Their faces and hands are made of papier-mâché. Rows of grotesque masks, the heads of animals, devils, and skulls hang from the ceiling, grinning, snarling, and threatening. Soon your eyes become accustomed to the faint light and you recognize the ancient paintings on the walls, showing obvious traces of Chinese influence, while the masterly treatment of the faces reveals the skilled hand of a master artist.

In one of the temples stands the big statue of Chunrezig, one of the mightiest figures in the pantheon of the lamas. He is a highly honored apostle of Gautama. The statue of the holy man is polished, pompous, lacquered, and golden. He wears a glittering robe, and his joyful, feminine smile almost makes him look like a painted, primped dancer. Flowers and innumerable shiny bronze cups and hollow lamps lie at his feet. Chunrezig has either one thousand or two thousand heads, — I did not count them, — growing in the shape of a pyramid. He also has a thousand hands, which radiate from him like a wheel. The outer row of hands come to innumerable sharp points. In these delicate hands he holds the golden wheel of the law, and in the glow of the oil lamps his smile looks forced and rather mysterious. All his thousand hands grasp this golden wheel, while his feet are treading on a rabble of evildoers and unbelievers.

Leaving Chunrezig's temple in a state of some bewilderment, I at once encountered the friendliest kind of reality in the form of the abbot of the monastery. This well-nourished person radiated good will from every fold of his flesh. He laughed, too — not the stiff, gruesome laugh of the god within, but the laugh of a simple, kindly man. His hat sat somewhat askew above his round, Falstaffian countenance, and when we photographed him he almost exploded with good humor and childish glee.

Life seems to be ordered very nicely for the lamas and the red nuns of Lama-Yuru. For hours on end I would watch them walking in the village high above the roofs of the cloister, while down in the burning heat of the valley the peasants and their wives worked for the monks and the fat abbot. The task of these peasants is to till the soil for the monastery, for any form of work is beneath the dignity of the nuns and monks. The peasants then give butter and meal to the monastery, keeping for themselves whatever is left over.

By far the greater part of the work in Ladakh seems to be done by the women. They mow the fields and carry heavy baskets of cattle fodder on their backs. They are rarely attractive, and most of them, especially the older ones, are repulsively ugly. They are little, stunted, and short-necked, and their round, dark-gray countenances are wrinkled like the faces of old negresses,

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The population here is descended from what was left of an old primitive tribe that fled into the mountains before the invaders.

The women of Ladakh wear surprising costumes, consisting of filthy rags and a sheepskin slung over their shoulders. On their feet they wear woolen gaiters, generally of a bright hue, and worn-out felt shoes. But the most extraordinary part of their costume is the headdress. Their black curly hair is twined together with long dark woolen strings. On each side of their heads they wear a black piece of sheepskin that looks like an elephant's ear. Between these sheepskin ears runs a broad strip of dark red leather about a span wide, extending from the face over the whole head and down to the back of the neck like a kind of helmet. This strip of leather is set with big and little turquoises from the face to the neck. On one woman I counted sixty stones, and on another three hundred. Between the turquoises there are sometimes big semiprecious stones set in silver. The women of Ladakh carry all their worldly wealth in this way upon their heads, even when they work in the fields.

Suddenly I noticed one of the red nuns, a robust young person, working with the sweating crowd of Ladakh women. It appears that some of these nuns have to work. This one belonged to that type of nun who, though only for a moment, has slipped from the path of virtue. Her penalty is work. Later I saw other nuns raking the fields. These erring sisters give the peasants real assistance in the work they have to do free for the monastery.

In a bungalow at Lama-Yuru lived a young Hindu, a small, delicate fellow, who was only too glad to get a chance to talk to me. He came from Srinagar, and was teaching in this distant spot. Since he was most unhappy, he told me his tale of woe. Above us stood the weird cloister, beyond it lay the mountains, huge and overpowering, and in the heavens shone the blinding sun. Nothing could comfort the Hindu, for he could not understand the Ladakh dialect, being able only to speak Urdu and Hindustani. Furthermore, there was no rice here, for rice will not flourish in this lofty country. Whenever he wanted rice he had to make a three- or four-day journey to Kargil. That, however, was too expensive, and he could not live without his rice.

The people here live like animals. They drink Ladakh tea, a beverage made of brick tea, salt, and butter. They eat *zampa*, a kind of dough made of meal and tea kneaded into a dumpling. My Hindu sighed. He was always alone. He had no one to talk to. There was one official in the village, who sold fodder and wood to the caravans, but he was a Turk from Turkestan and only spoke Ladakhi. My poor Hindu had never been able to feel at home.

'Look at these people!' he exclaimed. 'What living conditions! Take the man who owns this bungalow, for instance. He has a little house, two cows, and five daughters. Two of his daughters went into the monastery. He then got himself a son-in-law from Kargil and gave him his other three daughters as wives. What do you think of that?'

'But is n't polyandry practised here?' I asked in astonishment.

'Yes, there is that too. Both polyandry and polygamy. You see that dark little girl there who brought the wood over to the bungalow? She married seven brothers!'

'Seven!'

'Yes, seven. What do you think of that? These seven brothers were all so poor that only by getting together could they support one wife. But even if they had not been so poor, they might

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have confined themselves to one wife just the same. That's the custom of the country.'

It was not easy to get my bearings, and I exclaimed: 'Is n't there a good deal of fighting among these seven brothers? Seven of them, with only one wife among them!'

'Fighting? Not at all. The oldest is master of the house, and the wife belongs to him first.'

'So that means that the other six brothers have no wife.'

'Not at all. Suppose the oldest brother goes to Kargil, then the wife belongs to the second oldest. And if he ever has to go away . . .'

'But how about the youngest brother? Think of his situation. And then suppose a child is born. Who is the father?'

'The oldest brother. And if he should die, then the next to the oldest takes his place.'

'And how are matters arranged among the three daughters married to the one man? Does the oldest enjoy any special privileges?'

'No. The man is master of the house and does what he pleases. His wives must work for him while he sits in his house all day drinking tea. Now tell me, is it possible to get used to living here under such circumstances?'

'But you have your work.'

The downcast Hindu sighed.

'You have your school.'

'Yes, I have my school; but I have no scholars. The first few months I had three scholars, but they went away. The lamas are against me.'

'How long must you remain in Lama-Yuru?'

'Three years.' The young teacher pulled his shawl about him and shivered. 'And I am always alone. The poet says anyone who is always alone gets sick.'

I was happy to be able to send back a little sack of rice to the unfortunate Hindu, and when I took leave of him he gave me a letter to mail at the nearest postal station, which was a day's journey from Lama-Yuru.

In the valley of the Indus we traveled two days in the company of a distinguished and elderly lama. He had a fine, handsome face and two yellow teeth. He rode a well-nourished, finely caparisoned beast, and a young lama scholar, the twelve-year-old son of a peasant, accompanied him as his servant. The lama's bed had been strapped on over his saddle. On his back the old man carried two huge books — or, rather, two thick piles of loose paper tied between boards and wrapped in a piece of cloth. He also carried at his girdle a little silver shrine containing a tiny figure of Buddha that he had got in Lassa. His cowl contained a veritable bazaar — apples, rice, tea, sugar, and a little bell.

At the hour of prayer this lama would go apart from us. Then he would set up his little traveling altar before him on the ground and run through his mysterious books, murmuring, singing, and tinkling his little bell. The old lama was a scholar and a doctor, and more besides. He was an astrologer, a soothsayer, and a magician.

I offered him a present if he would foretell my future for me, and, since he was very poor, he set to work at once. No sooner had he looked at my hand than he announced that I was a great man come from a distant country. He pulled a painted roll of parchment from his cowl, spread it out on the ground, and began to study it intensely. The top of the roll depicted a mass of animals' heads, all of them wearing blue cowls — oxen, bears, birds, wolves, and sheep. Underneath were colored geometrical figures and strange inscriptions. Over these figures the lama rubbed his long finger nail. Lost in

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thought, he talked to himself, and suddenly shook his head. He wanted someone who could talk either the Tibetan or Ladakh language, for he himself could only speak Hindustani. He had something very important to tell me. . . .

My servants and the other members of our caravan stretched out their hands to him curiously, but the old man only cast a hasty glance at their black paws and without any hesitation announced that the first was a liar, the second a swindler, the third a thief, and the fourth a rogue.

He knew his job.

But on the third day the friendly old lama left us.

The glare of the sun on the bare mountains had become unbearable. If you got off your horse you would burn your feet. The road and the mountains quivered with heat, and the glare in this thin atmosphere ten thousand feet above the sea was as dazzling as a battery of spotlights. Far below us flowed the muddy waters of the Indus. It came from the mountains of Tibet, and even here had grown to a stream of impressive size.

Near an old monastery perched on the mountain peak the road leaves the river and starts across the desert. A castle nestles in the mountains far away. It is the palace of the former king of Ladakh. It is Leh.

The ancient city of Leh gradually emerges from its rocky setting, and after an hour's ride we distinguish its six-storied houses with their loges and balconies and their flat roofs, on which a number of people seem to be standing. But as we draw nearer we see that these are not human beings, but prayer puppets and pennants and yaks' tails flapping in the wind. Ladakh is ruled by the Maharajah of Kashmir, and its last king lives in the Hemis Monastery as a lama. To his son he left a few villages, for which the Maharajah pays a royal tribute of one hundred rupees a month.

Three worlds — India, Tibet, and Eastern Turkestan — flow together here. Goods brought by caravan from Kashgar, Jarkent, Lassa, and Kashmir fill the entire bazaar — sacks of tea piled mountain-high; heaps of curry, rice, and salt; huge bales of wool, leather, felt, carpets, and cloth; bundles of leopard, marten, and ermine skins; petroleum, matches, candles, and lanterns from Europe and India; a shipment of German dyes headed for East Turkestan. In the bazaars themselves we find crockery from East Turkestan and silverware from Ladakh. One merchant has a little sack of turquoises, some of them as big as your fist.

The bundles and chests are addressed in Urdu, Hindustani, Turkestani, and Chinese characters, and the people who fill the bazaar speak more than a dozen languages and dialects, and can only understand each other with the help of interpreters. Ladakhi, Jarkenti, Tibetan, Balti, Punjabi, Kullu, Kashmiri, and Pathani are spoken here.

The high white turbans of the Hindus and the red fezzes of the Mohammedans move about among the mountains of merchandise, together with the pointed felt hats of the Balti and the felt caps of the Jarkent and Ladakh people. Groups of Ladakh women, with their elephant ears of black sheepskin and their strips of leather studded with turquoises crowning their heads, sit about on the ground wearing sheepskins over their backs. They are buying grass for their caravans, and also onions, meal, fruit, and a kind of small beer. Almost all of them are spinning and chattering. They wear wide silver arm-bands, and from their shoulders hang silver chains with their toilet articles dangling at the end — tooth-

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picks, earrings, pincers to pull out hair, and God knows what else.

The elegant native ladies of Leh are a complete contrast to these dirty, sloppy creatures, but they seldom appear on the streets. They wear neat little Ladakh pantaloons, stockings of silk, and tinkling silver bracelets, earrings, and chains. Splendid turquoises in costly settings decorate their heads. No goatskins cover their shoulders, but expensive Chinese shawls.

The slit-eyed faces of the Tibetans glow with friendship and *joie de vivre*. Many are black as negroes, and all of them glisten as if they had been rubbed with lard. The natives of Jarkent are heavy, stiff, and massive. They look as if they were hewn out of wood, and wear felt shoes, cloaks of felt, and felt hats. They are bursting with health, and many of them are real giants. Their skins look wholesome, their cheeks are red, and their teeth are white. Many of them have eyes like the Chinese and sparse Chinese beards.

The Jarkent people greet each other by putting their hands on their stomachs and bowing deeply, and they rise politely when you approach. The Hindus and Mohammedans greet each other with salaams, laying their hands against their faces. The Tibetans point their thumbs in the air, bend over, stick out their tongues, and cry '*Choolay!*' All day long they greet each other politely.

Among this throng move the lamas with their red robes and high, pointed hats. Some wear dark yellow hats, for they are members of the Yellow Order, a sect of chastity founded by the reformer Zong Kapa. Eager peasants circulate among the crowd selling praying machines and muttering, '*Om mani padme hum.*'

Caravans of ponies, mules, donkeys, and yaks, bearing heavy burdens, push their way through the bazaar. Some come from Lassa, a three months' journey, others from Jarkent, a trip of thirty days. They have scaled mountain passes fifteen thousand feet high and crossed glaciers and fields of snow. But to them it is nothing, a mere walk, and now they are spending as much as two months in Leh before continuing their journey. The caravans from Tibet never go straight through Leh to Kashmir, and the caravans from East Turkestan only do it occasionally.

Look at that peasant over there! His hair is mussed, and he wears a goatskin for a shirt. In his hand he holds a formidable spear. Obviously he has taken a route where robbers abound.

A peculiar little troupe comes through the city gates, above which a scribe is sitting and taking notes of everything that comes and goes. The new arrivals consist of a peasant with ten laden-down sheep and a donkey that is carrying a small sack and a little boy on its back. *Chu-lek!* We stop him. He has come from the valley of Tsanpo in Tibet, and has traveled for ten weeks.

Both Leh and the surrounding country are full of religious statues, walls, *rizin-gompas*, and monasteries. Rizin-gompas are little temples with a niche like a stage on the first story, where three little statues, colored white, red, and blue, stand next each other. These represent the three lama worlds — the white world of the gods, the red world of men, and the blue underworld. The walls and statues are monuments erected by kings, believers, and various monasteries, and they lead the way to the gods. Some of the walls are many hundred yards long — one is eight hundred and fifty.

There are also huge monuments here composed of as many as one hundred and eight little statues. One of these, the biggest in either Ladakh or Tibet, lies in a state of collapse near the city.

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Many of the monuments are covered with pictures of grotesque, poodlelike lions with vermilion or grass-green manes and blue sprawling paws. Other pictures represent mythological birds with human torsos and metal beaks. The tops of the monuments are painted red, for they incorporate the three elements — the square foundations representing the earth, the ball in the middle water, and the conical or spindle-shaped point fire.

Most of the lamas are simple, ignorant fellows, and one of them explained to me that the purpose of these walls, monuments, and rizin-gompas was to show Buddha the way to Lassa when he returns to this world. It would be impossible for him to get lost, for the monuments would first lead him to Leh and thence eastward. It is a custom of the country that when an abbot or a holy man is expected to pay a visit his path is marked with stones, even if he knows the route perfectly himself or if a guide accompanies him.

In the middle of one of the narrow streets of Leh stands a bleak temple whose mouldy interior is decorated with splendid frescoes. It also contains the huge statue of the living Chamba, whose golden feet are of more than respectable size and whose ankles are decked with bands of coral. Chamba is so big that you can only see as far as his golden hands. The rest of his bright gold body reaches to the second story of the temple, and you can only get a look at it by standing close to his big feet. A light from above is directed in such a way that Chamba radiates a golden glow. He wears a crown with a round canopy above it. A very narrow passage completely encircles the huge statue, and through this each devout believer must carry a stone weighing thirty kilogrammes on his back, repeating the process ten, twenty, or thirty times — the oftener the better. In front of the gleaming statue of Chamba squats the golden-faced figure of Buddha Loban Padma Junnes, covered with silk. Here he sits, with his little black moustache, at the feet of the great Chamba, laughing at the folly of this world.

SHIPWRECK [1]

BY SIGISMUND VON RADECKI

SNUGLY moored to the pier at Cagliari, she was taking on cargo for Naples. A pyramid of empty petroleum barrels was being hoisted aboard by the steam crane. Next came crates of mandarins and onions. Now and then a sailor would pick up a mandarin, bite it, and toss it into the water. The onions were more valuable, and these the sailors would stick carefully into their pockets. Her decks were neither white nor brown, but simply rotten and gray with age. Hawsers and ropes' ends lay all over the place, like dead reptiles. Shabby gold letters proudly spelled out the name H-U-R-R-I-C-A-N-E on the black-painted stern.

Her brick-red bottom was covered

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *January 22*

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with seaweed that looked iridescent under the slimy surface of the harbor. Portholes would open and close to allow a pot of stale beans to be emptied into the Mediterranean. The ship's slender black and yellow funnels and her peculiar rigging made her look like one of those steamers in a Jules Verne story where there is always a professor on board and every sailor has a full beard and a heart of gold.

Full of curiosity, I walked up the gangplank into the first class, and then down to Cabin 16. It might just as well have been any other cabin, for the shabby splendor of the first-class saloon testified to the empty pomp in which I was traveling.

The steering equipment rumbled, the engine began to throb, and the iron steamship Hurricane set out for sea.

I investigated the gaudy interior of the saloon. It smelled, as all steamers do, of oil, plush cushions, and that faint suspicion of seasickness that no real vessel ever quite lacks. In the mystic gloom the gold and crystal door-knobs glittered faintly. The long, narrow dining table merged into the background. Through its white covering passed a thick, mirrored support, and still farther aft stood a bookcase containing an old edition of Dickens, illustrated by Cruikshank.

The Hurricane must have seen better days. She breathed the atmosphere of London in 1851, of the Crystal Palace, Lord Palmerston, and *Westward Ho!* and now, in her old age, she was apparently reduced to visiting the filthiest harbors in the world.

Suddenly I discovered that the saloon was not quite empty. The stiff figure of an English lady, who looked as if she dated back to before the Crimean War, emerged. There is a nomadic type of idealistic spinster who either travels to save money, or saves money to travel — no one quite knows which. They ask you where you have been, and they have always been farther than you. This little triumph is the breath of life to them.

'If you have n't seen that, you have n't seen anything,' they exclaim with glittering eyes.

This one had been to Burma, and she promptly taught me to drink a beverage called *zabaglione* — a pleasant mixture of Marsala, yolk of egg, and sugar.

There was also a fat, shiny-haired steward, who did all the cooking and waiting himself. He waddled in to us with a plate of spaghetti, leaving the rolls sputtering on the stove, and murmured with the greatest unction: '*A bordo se mangia bene. . . . A bordo se mangia bene.*'

The motion of the ship was gradually getting too much for me, and I staggered back to Cabin 16, to lie down with my feet higher than my head, an old and certain cure for seasickness. Whenever the cabin seemed to be climbing to a dizzy height I felt all right, but every time it sank uneasiness seized me. The storm raged with increasing violence. The hanging lamps swung freely, and the carafe and glasses kept knocking against the side of the table. Everything seemed to be alive, and everything seemed capable of uttering a peculiar and individual groan. The good ship Hurricane rocked up and down: First she would bury her nose deep in the seas, coming to rest for a moment while her propeller stuck out of the water, making the boat shake violently. Neptune's whole kingdom seemed to be boiling, as if someone had lit an enormous fire under the Mediterranean. The steering apparatus rumbled incessantly, and the storm continued for hours on end.

At last the old ship quivered like a man knocked groggy. I leaped out of my berth and opened the swinging door

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of my cabin. The corridor on my right led to the main saloon, and the door at the end of it stood open. Suddenly a green wall of water shot through this door and hurled me against my cabin. Stunned by a blow on the temple, I sank back on my berth unconscious.

When I awoke everything was dark. I could not remember what had happened. Finally I came upon my flashlight and looked about me in amazement. Apparently I was still in my cabin, although the little white room in which I found myself bore, God knows, small resemblance to it. The ceiling of my cabin had been white, — I knew that well enough, —but this one seemed to be made of brown linoleum. It was incredible. Black water slowly trickled over the floor of the room, and a strange stillness reigned. The door looked unusual, too; it went right up to the ceiling, and ended knee-high. I was lying on a hard wooden berth with all my bedclothes on top of me. Suddenly the light dawned. The washstand was hanging from the ceiling. With a cry, I leaped to the door and rushed out.

A torrent of water was flowing past, but I continued my progress by the light of my pocket lamp. The water came up to my hips, and dozens of chairs were floating about in it. A half-broken table hung up above, and broad strips of linoleum dangled down into the water. Where was I? What topsy-turvy place was this? Suddenly my eyes were blinded by the reflection of my torchlight. It was the mirrored column, the support that I had noticed before.

All of a sudden I understood two things. I was on board the steamer Hurricane that had sailed for Naples. Apparently it was in no hurry, for I could not hear the engine. But what had happened to the steamer? It was upside down; it had turned turtle — no doubt about it. I grew hot and cold with fear. The thirty doors on the cabins were banging in unison, as if at a single word of command. Water could be heard roaring gently under the high flight of stairs.

Everything was unrecognizable upside down, and I first had to keep thinking how it appeared ordinarily. I brought all my will power to bear in an endeavor to understand which was up and which was down. Why the devil had n't the boat simply sunk! 'But this steamer cannot sink,' I murmured mechanically. 'It won't sink yet because . . . because . . . . why, of course — because it has all those empty petroleum barrels on board.' Without thinking what I was doing, I suddenly began shouting. My only answer was the gurgling of dark water through the door.

I now stumbled over to the staircase, and on my way happened to hit something. Terror-stricken, I raised my flashlight, and saw the English lady lying dead in three feet of water. A gaping wound stretched from her mouth to her ear, and her blood was pouring out into the water like smoke.

Hip-deep in water, I stood at the stairway and leaned over the inky pit below. I had to dive into this if I ever wanted to see anything else than this saloon. I tried to imagine what my course would be. Three difficulties presented themselves — first, the door to the deck; second, all the ropes in which I might get entangled; and third, the banister. The air was growing warm and stuffy, and the water kept pouring in. Knowing I had to hurry, I took a deep dive into the dark pit below. Everything went well until I reached the door, but there I lost my nerve, for, as I was groping blindly and hastily for the knob, I came in contact with a man's face and a man's still body, strangled by the ropes. In my terror I swallowed a little water, and the

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only thing that I could do was to return to the saloon.

Nothing in the world could induce me to dive into those horrible depths again. The body was that of the steward — I had felt enough of it to know that. Thanks be to God, my light still functioned.

I then began working my way along to the steward's little pantry. The stove, which hung from the ceiling, looked as if it would fall down at any moment. I groped about in the dirty water that was now rippling up against my tightly closed mouth, and fished out some spoons and forks, which I promptly threw away again. Finally I came upon a cook's hatchet, several table knives, and a hammer. *A bordo se mangia bene.*

With these implements I plunged into the saloon. From the ceiling, which used to be the floor, hung an open trapdoor like a dead man's jawbone. I remembered that this was the steward's cellar, where he kept his stores. I climbed up to the trapdoor on a pile of chairs — for as the water mounted I had to mount too. The opening was blocked on the other side by a chest, and a little dirty bilge water trickled out of it. As I pushed the chest aside, two dead rats flopped down into the water below. I swung myself up.

One last glimpse of the saloon. The water was still flowing in, and the black mirror of its surface was coming nearer all the time. I now looked about me. The cellar which I had penetrated smelled of mandarins and onions, and the air was unbearably close. I hastily flashed my light along the top of the walls, and broke into a sweat. There was no opening — no porthole was visible above. Refusing to believe my eyes, I piled two chests one on top of the other and clambered up to investigate the sides of my prison more closely. A mandarin rolled into my hands. I bit it and threw it away, and it fell with a splash into the water, which by now had reached the lower portholes.

Finally coming upon a porthole that had been covered up, I broke it open with my hatchet. It, too, hung down like the chin of a dead man. The whole experience was like one of those dreams in which you are chased from one room to another, and every time you have your hand on the latch your pursuer opens the door behind you. Through this opening I came into another room just like the cellar that I had left, except that the air was even worse. It, too, stood empty, and again no trace of a porthole was to be seen above. I had to pull the chests up from the room below and build my little tower again. The game had become monotonous now, and I wondered, as I moved from one cellar to the other, how many cellars I should survive.

This time my searchings and hammerings availed me nothing. I could find no porthole, or anything else that could be opened. Suddenly a rat ran past me along the side of the ship and disappeared through a knot-hole in a rotten plank. There was an idea. I plied my hatchet, and the chips flew. A saw would have been much more helpful. Nevertheless, I hammered, pounded, and ripped a hole through which I could just pull my body.

I squeezed myself through and sprang to my feet. I was now in a dark, empty room much bigger than the other two cellars, and about the size of the saloon below. Down the middle of this room ran a huge dark beam. God be thanked, it must be the propeller shaft. I had therefore come to the lowest — or rather the highest — part of the ship. I lit my light again and looked about me in the faint hope that there might be some Kingston valves, but there were none to be seen — only

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the rotten board and the bare metal hull of the ship.

Suddenly I realized that I could not get to the deck from here, but must erect another pile of chests. Since the opening I had broken was much too small for the chests to pass through, I began working furiously to enlarge it, and finally made it big enough. It was veritable torture to go down in that room again and heave up the heavy chests once more. I had a fear of everything below, for below were corpses and water, and they were coming up toward me — slowly but surely upward. The first cellar above the saloon was now almost full, and in the second I had to fish my last chest out from under water.

At last I built my structure up again. I was soaked with sweat and water, and the air was so bad that I could hardly breathe. I tore a piece of the rotten wood loose, but my hammer at once encountered the iron plates of the ship. This was hard work, for these old iron ships were damnably solid. With clenched teeth I beat against the plates with my table knives, using them like chisels. One after another they broke to pieces, but I finally succeeded in making a narrow aperture through one of the rusty rivet-holes.

At that moment I heard a whistling noise. At first I thought it came from the rats, who were running wildly about me. But that was not it. It was my air, my priceless air, escaping through this hole. With a cry I pressed my wet handkerchief against it. At least that must not happen. I understood that I should have to make a big opening quickly; otherwise the air would escape, and I should remain imprisoned forever in my iron casket. I now began hammering wildly, but no place would give way. With the fear of death upon me, I continued hammering.

Suddenly a quiver ran through the silent ship, as if it were snoring in its sleep. I then heard a gurgling sound. Lighting my lamp, which shone very dimly now, I looked down into cellar number two, and saw that it was three-quarters full of water. Rats swam about on its shiny surface, swishing their tails, and I set to work madly again.

The iron plates were more stubborn than I, and from time to time I had to stop from sheer exhaustion. My flashlight was also beginning to weaken. In its last glimmer I saw the water flowing and rippling up under the planks below me. Then the light went out.

I was now in darkness, but kept on hammering, for I had to pass the time somehow before I drowned. My hammer beat against the iron as if it would split the whole world in two. 'Work, for the night is coming,' flashed through my mind, and I laughed hysterically at the absurd recollection. Outside the water was lapping, and below I could only hear the rats. The water had now reached my left foot, and at that moment something quickly and quietly rushed up my leg. The rats were trying to save themselves. When I shook them off I could hear them splash into the water. I kicked them off the chest in soft, squirming piles. They were swarming about me, but what else could they do? They wanted to live also.

I stopped hammering for a moment, for I thought I heard something. Were those footsteps — footsteps outside? I began shouting and hammering frantically. Then I listened again. A slow step could be heard, a step that was retreating. Frenzy seized me, and I hammered wildly. The step was coming nearer now. Hurrah! A pause. It sounded like someone dancing on tiptoe. And then it disappeared again. Probably it was my imagination.

I gave up. Why had this happened

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to me? What sin had I committed? I merely wanted to go to Naples. Nothing more. If the hatchet could not penetrate the iron, at least it could penetrate my own flesh. But at this moment I heard someone hammering loudly on my iron plate. A voice cried: '*Senta! Senta! Aspetti un pochino.*'

I yelled back. Then I said slowly, almost calmly: 'Rip the whole plate loose at once. Do you understand? Otherwise my air will escape. The water is up to my knees now.'

I heard steps, a few commands, and hasty shouts of '*Subito! Subito!*'

I began talking with the people outside. 'How long will it last?' I asked.

'Don't worry; we have the equipment here.'

'Rough weather outside, is it?'

'Oh, no; it's calmed off. It's all pleasant again.'

'So? All pleasant, you say? I thought it was still stormy. Who are you?'

'From the torpedo destroyer Sanzara. We saw the hull upside down.'

'Are there any more men you can save?'

'No; the whole ship is quiet.'

It seemed an eternity. Would they finally pull me out? All the time I had to keep shaking off the rats. The creatures had found that I was edible.

Suddenly more footsteps, and someone shouted: '*Pronto . . . Indietro, indietro!*'

I bent over, leaning to one side. I then heard a noise like the hissing of thirty snakes, and saw four white tongues of flame burning through the iron roof above me. Fascinated, I stared at them as they slowly moved around the iron plate. A cry '*Forte!*' and the whole plate was lifted back. Cool green light, a thousand whitecaps, sharp fresh air! Two arms seized me and lifted me out. Still holding my hatchet and hammer in my cramped hands, I slid down the seaweed on the vessel's side and was swung into a little tender.

It was high time. Through the torn opening a huge fountain of filthy water and rats burst high into the air, and the brick-red hull of the ship's bottom raised itself once more. One last view of the stern with the propeller and rudder sticking straight up, and then the iron steamer Hurricane, with its first-class saloon, its corpses, and its chests of food, slowly sank to the depths of the sea.

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LORD OF THE GUILLOTINE[1]

BY FRANZ FARGA

'M. DE PARIS.' The name might refer to the President of the Republic, to Prime Minister Poincaré, or to the Governor-General of the Paris garrison. But it does n't. Mr. Paris is none other than Mr. Anatole. Since the French do not like the word *bourreau* (executioner), they employ a figure of speech and call him 'M. de Paris.' A certain French dictionary defines the word 'Deibler' as: 'A family name meaning public executioner. People say "Deibler" to avoid saying "executioner."'

Anatole Deibler is a widely known personality. Some years ago a New York newspaper conducted a questionnaire to discover who were the hundred most famous men in the world. Deibler occupied the eighteenth position in the list, coming between Marconi, the inventor of the radio, and the prize fighter Dempsey.

The Deibler dynasty will die out with Anatole, for he only has two daughters. Possibly, however, a son-in-law may take up his profession and receive permission to bear the distinguished name. Although the French are dyed-in-the-wool republicans, they are conservative in many ways, and the word Deibler has been a tradition with them for almost a century.

Anatole Deibler has often appeared in the public eye, and it is even said that when he assists his victims into the Beyond he makes them shiver with joyful anticipation. Many eyewitnesses have described how remarkably he sets about his gruesome task, and how he rivets his sharp, glittering stare upon the candidate for death from the moment the victim emerges through the prison door until the axe falls. It has also been observed that his deathly pallor changes to deep red at the stroke of the knife, but perhaps the eyewitnesses have exaggerated slightly.

The French officials of the Department of Justice have always appreciated Deibler's extraordinary skill, ease, and tact. He has never answered any questions, and no journalist can boast of having secured an interview with him. The few that have dared to approach him on the subject have fallen back when confronted by his cold demeanor and his bright blue eyes. He is silent as the grave — a particularly suitable comparison, by the way.

The French language is very formal. Deibler's official title reads *Exécuteur des hautes œuvres* — Executer of High Works. It has a pompous ring, and might signify almost anything. A person unfamiliar with its true significance would never think of a gray morning, of an opening prison door, of a half-dressed man being led through it to the guillotine, and of a black figure standing beside the black scaffolding, politely lifting its high hat as the prisoner is pushed forward. The black figure then pulls a cord with a black-gloved hand, and the well-oiled knife descends.

It is, quite possible that Anatole

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt, Wochen-Ausgabe* (Vienna Liberal daily, weekly supplement) *January* 28

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suffers with his victims, for as a young man he possessed a sensitive nature. He was brought up in Brittany by a discreet aunt, and never suspected what profession the Deibler dynasty had followed ever since his grandfather's day. He was the pride of his school, and won a first prize in Latin, but his studies were broken off at an early age and never continued. While he was playing in the attic during one of his holidays, Anatole discovered a curiously shaped case of leather that concealed a big heavy guillotine axe. With a cry of terror he fell backward, hitting his head against a railing. Here he was found, bleeding profusely, and for months hovered between life and death.

At the age of twenty he went to a business school His comrades called him the 'ball of fire,' on account of the luxuriant bright-red hair that he inherited from his Grandpa Deibler, who came to Paris from Alsace. Anatole also grew a full beard that was bright red too. The young business man wanted to look mature, for he was already in love.

Little Isabel, his girl, was plump, blonde, and very talkative. Anatole had never dared to tell her what his father's profession was, and quaked with terror at the thought of her discovering it. One day, however, when he was complaining that they would have to wait a few years before they could afford to get married, Isabel laid her head on his chest and said in an embarrassed way: 'It would be best, Anatole, if you would learn your father's profession. There's good money in it, and you would have a lot of free time to devote to me.'

Anatole did not have to be told twice. His father was getting tired of his work, and six months later the Department of Justice agreed that if the young man could pass his tests satisfactorily he should be employed.

Twenty-three years have passed since he performed his first execution in the Place Roquette in the pouring rain. The Paris newspapers always secure distinguished journalists to describe such affairs. Clemenceau did reporting of this kind when he was editor of *L'Aurore*, and his description of the execution of the anarchists Henry and Vaillant was a masterpiece.

Anatole had, as they say in Paris, *une bonne presse*. The critics informed their readers that Papa Deibler would not be missed, for his son Anatole could do his job very well. One æsthete only, a friend of de Maupassant, was displeased. 'I found the rhythm too fast,' he complained. 'It took away the formality appropriate to such occasions.'

Perhaps as a beginner Anatole suffered from stage fright, but this soon disappeared, and to-day, with a record of two hundred and forty-five executions to his credit, he does his work in record time, having estimated it down to the last second. Just one minute and four seconds elapse between the moment the man appears and the time the axe falls.

Deibler has three assistants, but they have other occupations as well, and are only laid off their regular work for two days in connection with each execution. Two of his former assistants, who hoped to succeed him eventually, have left, for they felt they had to wait too long. Anatole enjoys excellent health.

It is doubtful if Deibler's memoirs would be very interesting. One execution is like another, and the victims have other things to think about than the delicate little man who serves 'the widow' — or *la veuve*, as the French call the instrument that Anatole has developed to its ultimate efficiency.

When the survivors of the tragic Bande Bonnot were sentenced, Deibler was a little late. His assistants had set

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the guillotine up at midnight. Anatole had gone to his hotel to sleep a few hours, and when he approached the Place Roquette the next morning he found three cordons of guards and soldiers, who refused to admit anyone without a permit. Unfortunately, Anatole had forgotten his card, and when he whispered to one of the gendarmes, 'I am Deibler,' the fellow pushed him back, saying: 'We know all about it. You can't get away with that here.' By shouting and waving he attracted the attention of a police commissioner who knew him, but in the meantime the crowd, which included a good many rough customers, had recognized and attacked him. He was delivered from their fury with difficulty, and arrived at the prison quite exhausted. After he had made the victims' 'last toilette,' cutting the hair over their necks and opening their shirt fronts, his right wrist gave him great pain. 'That's not so bad,' said one of the condemned men, Callemin, approaching Deibler and massaging the wrist for him.

On another occasion Deibler was late, but through no fault of his own. The officials at the Department of Justice had let him know by letter of a certain execution, but the mail was delayed and the note arrived too late. When the warden had the condemned man awakened, another official rushed up and announced breathlessly that there was no trace of Deibler. The condemned man was then told that he could go back to sleep again, and an hour later President Loubet commuted his sentence. Since that time Deibler has always been informed of each execution four days in advance, and has to state in writing that he will be there on time.

One day even Deibler lost his famous poise at the guillotine and almost fled in terror. The occasion caused a great stir, although it was suppressed by the newspapers, since it involved a journalist. In Orléans a student of medicine had been condemned to death because he had murdered his two aunts with great brutality. A well-known and influential Orléans doctor who was a close friend of the Minister of Justice obtained permission to undertake a gruesome experiment, to which the condemned man had given his consent. The moment that the victim's head 'sneezed in the dust,' as the Parisian Apaches say, the doctor was to shout the man's name in his ear. If the cry were heard, the victim might try to answer or blink his eyes.

The experiment was carried out. The doctor seized the bleeding head by the hair and shouted: 'Mercier, Mercier, do you hear me?' The eyelids rose and fell, but that was not all. At the same moment the voice of the dead man rang out: 'Yes, I hear you. But tell Deibler to fasten his cravat — it's come untied.'

It was true; the cravat was loose. Panic broke out. Deibler fell quivering to his knees; a gendarme ran away howling; and the representative of the Procurator-General almost fell over backward into the basket where the head had lain.

What was the explanation? A reporter on the *Matin* who was a clever mimic had perpetrated the horrible joke of imitating the dead man's voice. He was almost lynched, and was later fined heavily, besides losing his job on the paper.

Deibler never had much luck in Orléans. On another occasion the condemned man was told that he had to wait a few minutes for the guillotine to be fixed. The cord releasing the knife had become entangled. Each minute seemed an eternity, and the condemned man looked about him so pitifully that Deibler tried to comfort him, and finally stammered out, 'Have no fear,

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sir; you'll find it's not so bad.' The fellow looked at him in uncomprehending amazement.

In the long intervals that his profession grants him, Anatole leads the pleasant life of a Parisian suburbanite. He owns a little house in Grenelle with a small garden. He goes fishing, and is a frequenter of a little café where his skill at cards and billiards is the wonder and amazement of his comrades. With true French discretion, people always call him M. Anatole, and his real name is never mentioned.

But for several years Anatole Deibler has had another name as well. He has gone into the perfume business — for the profession of executioner does not bring in much money. Barthou, the Minister of Justice, estimated Deibler's income for the year 1926 at 11,373 francs — less than a thousand francs a month. Nowadays this is a mere bagatelle, but the Department refuses to raise his pay. Anatole remembered that he had been to a business school, and decided to become a business man. The big shed where he keeps the scaffolding of the widow also serves as a factory and laboratory.

Anatole gets various essences from the perfume factories in Grasse, and employs two girls, who pour these essences into fancy bottles of an original design. When the orders are particularly good, Madame Deibler and her two little blonde daughters also help. Anatole is selling this perfume under his new name, which is something like Dupont or Durand, among the Parisian suburbs. His wares are not like those of M. Coty by any means, and the little bottles only cost five francs apiece, packing included. Nevertheless, they possess solid value, and bear enticing names — Paradise, Nirvana, Nuit d'Amour, Sourire.

But a humorous Parisian paper thinks that such titles are much too unimaginative. Anatole has a specialty of his own, this paper says, and he would do well to bring it to bear on both his professions. Why not such charming names as 'the Kiss on the Neck,' 'the Perfume of the Lady in Red,' or perhaps 'the Last Spasm'? But Anatole is as discreet as ever, and he has no desire to make a scene.

THE MILLIONAIRE[1]

BY LEOPOLD WEISS

THE news that an American was coming spread through the town like wildfire. No wonder it made a sensation. During the two years that had passed since this former Austrian province had been given to Rumania, it had been like a remote, forgotten island. Sparse and scanty news from the great world penetrated this neglected district. A foreigner was a great rarity, and the few visitors from abroad became objects of universal attention. Private individuals and government officials were both interested in him. To the one he represented a living newspaper, a contact with the outer

[1] From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *January 22*

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world, and to the other he represented an object of distrust, and possibly a source of additional income.

The news that an American was coming at once aroused a certain skepticism, but those who spread the report spoke so positively that soon all doubt vanished. Other interests faded away, and the central square of the town was full of groups of people discussing the news.

'When did he come?'

'Half an hour ago.'

'How is that possible? The train does n't arrive until evening.'

'Fine ideas you have about America. An American would never travel on our wretched railway. He crossed the border by automobile and came here direct.'

'Comic people, these Americans. Think of coming all the way from America to see us. There must be something behind it.'

'What could be behind it? He only wanted to see his family. That's why he came back.'

'Does he come from around here?'

'Certainly he does. What kind of foreigner did you suppose he is? No foreigner would be crazy enough to come to Rumania just to see us. This fellow is Karl Brecht, old Brecht's son.'

'So it's Karl Brecht, is it? Why did n't you say that sooner?'

'Do you want me to shout it from the housetops?'

'I only mean why did n't you mention it at once. I knew Karl Brecht as a kid, and it only seems like yesterday that he left for America. Time flies; it must be fifteen or sixteen years since he went away.'

'He's rich as mud, they say. He must have over a million dollars.'

'I can well believe it. Here, of course, no one can ever get rich, but I wonder if there is anyone in America without money, especially a fellow like Karl Brecht. I always said that he was a smart chap.'

'You're talking about Karl Brecht, are you?' said a newcomer. 'I've just been talking to his father. He told me that Karl Brecht is the president of three New York clubs.'

'President of three clubs!'

'Yes, and a member of a whole lot of societies and associations.'

'What does he do in America?'

'What do you suppose? He started in as a worker, like every immigrant, and now he has a factory of his own.'

The next day the local newspaper, which appeared three times a week, carried the following article under the title, 'A Welcome Guest in Our Home Town': —

'A well-known fact that fills us all with pride is that so many of our townspeople have made good abroad. In all parts of the world they have won great honors and attained considerable fortunes. Twenty-four hours ago our town received within its gates a welcome guest. Who does n't remember young Karl Brecht, an attractive fellow full of the spirit of adventure? He set forth into the world about fifteen years ago. His ambitions reached beyond the narrow confines of his home, and he went to America, the land of unlimited possibilities. What would have happened to him if he had stayed at home? He would have become an ordinary workman, or at best a merchant making a modest living.

'But America is the land of unlimited possibilities. There even a newsboy, if he has personal ability, can become President of the United States, and a workman can become a millionaire.

'Our fellow townsman, Karl Brecht, has become a millionaire. They say that he has several factories of his own. Besides this, he is the president of three

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clubs and the member of many distinguished societies. It speaks well for the splendid character of our fellow townsman that in spite of his good fortune he has come home to see his parents who gave him his start in the world, and that he has not forgotten his old home.

'Karl Brecht's visit to our town is an honor to us all, but it has a peculiarly private character as well. As a good son and a fine man, he did not let the difficulties of his journey prevent him from seeing his parents, relatives, and friends once more. Nevertheless, we believe that we are not mistaken in saying that something more than private reasons brought Karl Brecht to us, and that he has plans of the greatest importance to our town. In any case, we greet our distinguished guest and bid him welcome, and hope that he will feel at home here.'

This article was accompanied by a picture of the American visitor, under which was written, 'An Interview between Our Reporter and the Distinguished American.'

'Our honored guest was kind enough to receive our reporter and to enlighten him on the subject of America, and likewise to go into his own plans regarding our town. To the question, "What do you think of America?" he said, "America is all right. (*Ausgezeichnet!*) Everyone is alike there. You can talk to a judge or a president as you do to your best friend. You work, you make a lot of money, and lead a splendid life. Time is money."

'"What do you think of the present situation in Europe?"

'"Our troops won the war. Our President made the peace. We are the opponents of Bolshevism, and spend a lot of money in behalf of Europe."

'"Is your visit of a private character?"

'"Yes. I came here to see my relatives, but of course I want to befriend my fellow townsmen, too."

'"What do you think of the future of our country and of our town?"

'"America will allow no one to go to rack and ruin. She will help everybody. I shall naturally do my best to help wherever I can."'

Mr. Brecht was a thin little man with a smooth-shaven, careworn face. He wore a big hat and smoked a fat cigar. A heavy gold watch-chain spanned his chest, and he carried a silver-headed cane that looked bigger than he was. As he walked down the street with his father all eyes were glued upon him. Many people ran up and shook him by the hand. Former classmates who used to call him by his first name did not know how to address him now, and grinned with embarrassment. Mothers of marriageable daughters made inquiries, and discovered to their disgust that he already had a wife and children. The policemen on the street greeted him heartily, and anyone who had relatives in America asked for news of them and hoped to receive similar visits.

The whole town was in a fever. The burgomaster, the commander of the militia, the chief of police, all received the visitor. The volunteer fire department arranged a torchlight parade. The soup kitchen, the hospital, the orphanage, and many other benevolent societies, asked for gifts. Innumerable private people requested loans. The Merchants' Association hastily held an extraordinary session, and decided to dispatch a delegation to bring the desires and exigencies of their trade to the attention of their eminent visitor.

'We merchants,' announced the head of the delegation, 'feel ourselves fortunate to be able to greet you in our town as a guest. We have no doubt that if a happy fate had not sent you to America and you had remained here

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you would have been a successful and honored merchant. But fate had better things in store for you. Our occupation is a very honorable one, and we are all satisfied with our lot. What we lack here, however, is enough money to live on. Our financial status is not worthy of our position in the world, and we have placed high hopes on your generosity.

'Why not develop an industry here? Why not open a factory? The town will flourish. If you decide on a factory, the whole surrounding district will be able to live on it, for workers would come here then, and every worker would need shoes, clothing, and food. In this way the whole town could live very handsomely off the workers. On the other hand, we have no industry, and we are in danger of becoming poorer and poorer and being reduced to becoming workers ourselves. Who but you, a man who was nurtured in our midst and went forth to make his fortune in America — who but you could lend us a helping hand? Our town and all its merchants await your aid.'

'Thank you. I'll do my best.'

This reply, given in English, was the only thing Brecht said to all the delegations and individuals who visited him.

'What did he say?' people asked each other as they left his house.

'Didn't you understand? It was English. I didn't understand, either, but I believe he said he agreed with us.'

Besides these petitioners, a great many young men visited him and asked if he could arrange for them to go to America and assure them of a position when they got there. To these visitors Brecht showed himself much more cordial. He related the story of his success and of the unlimited possibilities in America, and aroused high hopes in their breasts. The secret of success in America, he said, consisted in respecting the law and working hard.

Days of tension and expectation passed. Everyone was waiting. The officials, the police, the militiamen, the government agents, — who always squeezed money out of strangers, — deferred to the American gentleman. They did not force his hand, but waited until he should give them something of his own accord. The representatives of the charitable societies also waited until he should examine them and give them money. The merchants' society busied itself developing a plan for industrializing the town that it hoped to lay before the American for his approval. Many of the young people tried to get passports. In case they should prove successful in getting their papers, they were prepared to depart at once, and real-estate operators were already bidding for their houses and land, to sell them to the American after the young people had gone.

Brecht had hardly been in the town a week when one morning the news suddenly spread that he had left during the night and had already crossed the boundary. Wild excitement prevailed on all sides. Old and young rushed to his parents' house with the hope that the report might prove untrue. More than one hundred people gathered around the dwelling, but no one stirred within. The house was deserted, and no one knew where its occupants had gone. At length, after long waiting and much shouting, a neighbor explained that Brecht had received a telegram from New York during the night announcing that his wife was seriously ill. For this reason he had started for home head over heels. He had, however, left word that as soon as his wife was restored to health he would come back and fulfill his plans.

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His parents had accompanied him as far as the border, and were likely to return again at any moment.

The relater of this story was promptly surrounded, and had to repeat it over and over again. The question on everyone's tongue was, 'When his wife is cured, will he come back again? Will he?'

Only rarely were so much as two words spoken in the shop, and if anyone had tried to speak his voice would have been drowned by the noise of a hundred electric sewing machines that never stood still and by the din of the elevated railway that ran past the windows of the shop. Everyone was occupied with his work. Only rarely did a pair of eyes glance at the hands of the clock.

I had been working in this shop for two weeks, and the five hours from the time I started in the morning until the half-hour pause at noon seemed endless. I was new at the job, and even at the end of two weeks I could not run my machine smoothly. For this reason I received very low wages. Most of the people around me were doing piecework. The time that seemed to me to pass so slowly flew by all too quickly to suit them.

Our tongues were loosened a little when the clock struck twelve. Everyone got up, and the machines all stopped at once, as if checked by a single hand. We all stretched our limbs and walked about a little. This was the first sign in five hours that this depressing room contained living creatures as well as machines. Everyone pressed out the door. Some ran to a near-by lunchroom, and others devoured the food they had brought with them in the vestibule or in the near-by park. During this noonday pause we would exchange a few words with one another. In this way you made acquaintances that would ripen if you happened to be going in the same direction when the day's work was done.

Ever since the first day I had been in the shop I had noticed the face of my neighbor. It seemed to me I had seen that face at some other place and time. The question interested me more and more. During the noonday pause I tried to engage him in conversation, but my attempts failed. I invited him to have some of my lunch, but he refused. During the noonday pause he always stayed in the shop, and when work was done he disappeared — no one knew where.

'Where have I seen that smooth, careworn face before?' The question reverberated in my mind.

'Tell me, buddy,' I turned to the man sitting beside me as we were riding home together on the Bronx express, 'do you know the fellow with the smooth face who sits next me and who always stays in the shop at the lunch hour?'

'Sure I know him. We used to be neighbors. For many years we lived in the same house, and we have worked in five different shops together. He must have been in New York sixteen or seventeen years now. He has been married for more than ten years, and has two children. After many years of work he had saved twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. His wife thought that they might use that money to buy a little business of their own.

'One day, it must have been two years ago, he came home and said he was going to Europe. To Europe? His wife looked at him dumbly, thinking he was joking, but he explained once more that he really was going to Europe. "Everyone goes to Europe; I want to go, too," he explained. "With these hard-earned dollars?" asked his wife. "Sure. Do you think that most

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of the others who go there have much more money? I have spent my whole life toiling in the foul air of the shop, and at least I am entitled to a few weeks of life and pleasure."

'All pleas were useless. He got himself a new suit and a gold watch-chain, and set out for his old home. He was only away a short time, but the journey over and back, the presents he took with him, and the time he had to spend without a job when he returned, used up all his savings. He is now working as hard as ever, and is trying to do more piecework than anyone else. He's worked himself sick, but won't take a single week's rest.'

'Do you know what the man's name is?'

'Certainly I know. His name is Karl Brecht.'

'Did n't he come from Bukowina, in what is now Rumania?'

'Sure, from Rumania. Why do you ask? . . . But here's my station. Good-bye.'

THE THEATRE IN PARIS [1]

BY PHILIP CARR

Do you want to be amused, or do you want to see a performance which is artistically interesting? In Paris, of all places, it ought to be easy to do both at the same time, but it is perhaps typical of the not very healthy condition of dramatic art that it is hardly possible to name a single play which has the double quality. The nearest is Édouard Bourdet's *Vient de Paraître;* but although this comedy, so light as almost to be farce, is quite amusing, especially in its very brightly written first act, the artistic importance of it is not to be compared with the same author's unpleasant but powerful study of sexual perversion, *La Prisonnière.* Moreover, although it is something that this picture of the commercial side of novel-writing is neither morbid nor unpleasant, although it is written with such wit and vitality that it is never dull, and although it is admirably acted by Victor Boucher and Jacques Baumer, another kind of artistic defect lies in the fact that, as these literary people are constantly pulling themselves up by the roots to see how they are growing, the emotions which they turn to account as material for their work are in danger of not being real emotions at all.

The play opens in the office of Moscat, a successful publisher. It is the day on which the committee that awards the Zola Prize has met to choose the winner, and in spite of the pulling of many wires the prize goes to an unknown outsider.

It is this outsider, Marc Fournier, who is the principal character in the play. We have seen him trying diffidently and vainly to obtain an interview with Moscat before anyone knows who he is. We see him, at the end of the act, suddenly wel-

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *January* 11, 12

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comed and honored and being photographed for the illustrated papers. In the second act Fournier is trying to compose the new novel which he has contracted to supply to Moscat, but it will not come. The reason is that the first book has been founded on the diaries of the lady who has now become his wife, and the placid happiness of the present existence of both of them has ceased to furnish romantic material. Moscat, when he learns the situation, boldly determines to create such material. He throws another novelist, Maréchal, who can be depended upon to make love to any woman, into the society of Fournier's pretty wife, and he persuades her to tolerate his presence as the only alternative to the ruin of her husband. Of course, Mme. Fournier falls in love with Maréchal; but in the last act she is completely cured of her love when she finds that Maréchal, after staying away from her for months, eventually comes to see her, not because he cannot bear the separation, but in order to show her the manuscript of a story which he has founded upon their joint idyl. She turns in disgust from him to a fatherly old friend, only to find that he has developed the subject into a play. Her disillusion is complete when she discovers that her husband, who had given up writing and had returned to his old job in a government office, has been filling up the spare time inseparable from such employment with the composition of a long novel entirely based upon the same affair. Not only that — he has artificially postponed his complete reconciliation with his wife, and maintained himself in the mood of hopeless despair, merely in order to prolong the susceptibility of his own feelings to artistic exploitation.

You will probably be amused also at the new Sacha Guitry play, although it is not up to Sacha Guitry's best. *Un Miracle* is certainly a success. It may be said that the prestige of Sacha Guitry is such that this success was almost assured before the rise of the curtain. It may also be said that the success is largely due to the excellent acting of the Variétés company. It is possible to find almost every kind of fault with the play. It is written around what is not far from being the most threadbare formula of farce, the characters are the most familiar of theatrical puppets, the oldest of devices are used to get laughs, the jokes are either ancient or else so childish that even Sacha Guitry must have blushed to write them down.

All this is true; but the same thing may be said to be true of almost all Sacha Guitry's work. Moreover, as it is true, there must be something else to account for the success. What the something else is cannot be described critically; it can be felt by anyone who has ever seen a Sacha Guitry play. It is a combination of a sure instinct for theatrical effect, and for the most direct way of obtaining it, with a much rarer and more important instinct for reality of human character. With this sense of reality Sacha Guitry can give a new life to such familiar stage figures as the charming but penniless young spendthrift cajoling his landlady and lunching on a hard-boiled egg and a half-consumed bottle of champagne found at the back of a cupboard; the mother-in-law who makes you laugh merely because she can speak nothing but Spanish; the friend who is comic merely because he is very fat; the respectable business man from the provinces who is suddenly confronted with the mistress of his idle hours in Paris. With this same sense of reality, combined with a temperament of exuberant and boyish animation, — perhaps they are one and the same thing, — Sacha Guitry can keep you interested in what

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is nothing more than an impromptu charade, when it is not a very rusty piece of stage mechanism. Of course, he may not carry you along with him, and then the thing is awful; but it is most probable that he will, and then you will enjoy seeing it.

It is only necessary to add that Fresnay, who has broken away from his engagement as a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française and will doubtless be sued by it and have to pay his 150,000 francs of damages, like Mme. Duflos, plays the part of the young hopeless with inimitable grace, high spirits, tact, and charm.

Translations of English and American plays are the latest theatrical fashion, but the plays do not seem always to be well chosen, and none of those recently produced is likely to repeat the success last season of a translation of *Outward Bound*, and still less the still continued triumph of *Rose Marie* in another category.

It was the success of *Outward Bound* which evidently led some of the French managers astray. They looked out for English and American plays of the same kind. This no doubt accounts for the production at the Atelier of Hermon Ould's *Dance of Life* and for the appearance at the Comédie des Champs Élysées of a translation of Elmer Rice's *Adding Machine*. The worst of it is that the French public will insist on regarding all the English and American plays that it sees as being characteristic, not only of the dramatic movement in London and New York respectively, but of the social life in both countries. Thus *Rain* was hailed as representing the typical morals of the English clergyman; *Dancing Mothers* was accepted as a true picture of the life of an average New York family; and *The Adding Machine*, as well as *The Dance of Life* and *Outward Bound*, is supposed to express the highest thought in Great Britain and the United States upon the subjects of death and eternity.

As such *The Adding Machine* is not considered to be very profound. As a mere theatrical entertainment it is not considered lively. Gaston Baty lavishes upon it all his ingenuity as a stage producer of the advanced decorative school, and he certainly makes the most of his material. The scene of the evening party in Mr. Zero's flat was almost a slice from the Chauve-Souris. The curtain with the foreshortened perspective view of the skyscrapers of Broadway from below was an excellent piece of critical symbolism. The acting had the kind of comical solemnity which is appropriate to such a dreamland. But the whole thing gave to the French audience the impression of being very much-in-earnest about something which was rather childish.

Of the new serious plays which have been produced elsewhere the most notable thing to be said is that they are almost without exception morbid. François de Curel's *Orage Mystique*, which is generally admitted not to be one of its author's best, is a ghoulish business. Its theme is that all a man's speculations upon a life beyond the grave, all the evidences of such a life which he believes to have come to him, are no more than the creations of his own tortured imagination.

There are two principal characters in the play — a man of letters and his wife. His love for her has been such that he gave up writing when he married her, but he suddenly thinks that he has reason to believe that she has deceived him. To establish her innocence — or the appearance of it — she walks home through a storm, gets an attack of pneumonia, and dies. On the anniversary of that storm another descends upon the lonely country. The dead woman's coffin is washed out of her grave and laid in a deserted chapel.

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Holding vigil beside it, the husband sees the spirit of his wife come to him. He talks to her, and she again protests her innocence. His skeptic doctor friend afterward assures him that the whole interview, existed only in his own brain, but he refuses to believe it.

Lenormand's latest play is certainly the most interesting thing to be seen in Paris to-day, but it is also morbid. It is called *Mixture*, and, like all Lenormand's later work, its subject is dual personality, the conflict between the conscious and the subconscious, the fatally compelling force of heredity, the instinctive but suppressed yearning of those who sacrifice and suffer to find some compensation, some revenge, and the danger of that desire becoming so morbid as subconsciously to wreak the revenge upon the very loved creature for whom the sacrifices were made.

The two persons in the play are a mother and a daughter. At the beginning the father cynically leaves the mother to fend for herself and her child as best she can. In all his plays Lenormand represents the fight with circumstance as a thing of unrelieved cruelty and horror, and he does so here. The woman becomes a music-hall singer, and is callously dismissed. She becomes an acrobat, but runs away when she finds that her partner wishes to exploit the child. To feed her little one she does not hesitate at theft, prostitution, even murder. The scene in which she finds herself alone with the mad and abnormally vicious obstetric surgeon and kills him for the money he has in his pockets is one of the most revoltingly powerful things I have seen upon the stage. Gradually she is led by her subconscious promptings to expose her daughter, without knowing that she is doing so, to the very humiliations to which she has herself submitted; and there is another kind of horror in the scenes in which first a depraved child and then a homicidal satyr try to corrupt that daughter but fail. In a dramatically unconvincing last act, with an almost absurdly conventional happy ending, the daughter cures the mother of her obsession by frankly revealing it to her in an interview vaguely reminiscent of the closet scene in *Hamlet*.

The only one of the interesting new plays which is not morbid in subject, although it is profoundly pessimistic in treatment, is Denys Amiel's *L'Image*. While he has only produced half a dozen plays, the success of two of them, *La Souriante Madame Beudet* and *Monsieur et Madame Un Tel*, has already marked M. Amiel as one of the younger playwrights who count. His latest work will certainly increase this reputation. Its three acts are hardly more than a duologue between a man and a woman. The other persons are so subsidiary as hardly to count at all. The dramatic action is nevertheless so real that the interest of the audience is sustained from the beginning to the end at a constant tension of curiosity, and this curiosity is not only directed to speculating as to what each of the two characters is likely to do, but also to the more subtle question of how the inmost nature of each is really composed.

The play is the story of the meeting after many years of a man and a woman who had thrown themselves into each other's arms when they were young but had broken off their passionate idyl. They try to take it up where it had been left off, but they are bitterly disillusioned. They had both tried to convince themselves that they would not have become the sensualists which both are to-day if that idyl had continued. The author leaves his audience to judge whether they had deceived themselves, and whether it was not the inevitable trend of their own natures which has turned them into creatures quite incapable of resuming any idyl.

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WORLD AIRWAYS OF THE FUTURE[1]

BY A. E. BLAKE

THE Central European airway system is characterized by a highly developed area of operation and the comparative frequency of important industrial centres along its routes. Economic working thus takes the form of flying in short stages, often in competition with efficiently organized surface transport. There is little scope on the Continent for the flying boat or seaplane, — except across the Baltic and to provide communications with the English Midlands, — and in these conditions probably none at all for the airship. The Mediterranean, however, being intermediate between the Central European and Atlantic systems, provides ample opportunity for the employment of flying boats, and a limited scope for airships, owing to the comparatively short distances between stops.

The Atlantic System. On the other hand, the Atlantic is nothing but a highway, with few groups of islands which would justify or even allow a break in the long journey. The shortest crossing, between the Guinea Coast and Cape St. Roque, is over fifteen hundred miles in length. At a time when flying-boat construction appears to be enjoying an attention that compensates for many years of neglect, the possibility of the use of such craft on the shorter Atlantic crossings cannot be dismissed; but it seems probable that, for some time to come, their use will be restricted to expediting the carriage of mails and passengers by providing air services between intermediate island ports of call and the ultimate destination of the steamship. Their employment in this capacity has received the approval of the Argentine and French Governments, and a concession has been granted to the Latécoère Company for the operation of a mail service from Toulouse to Cape Verde Islands (an extension of the existing line along the Northwest African seaboard) and between Fernando de Noronha Island and Buenos Aires, via Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro. The mails will be transhipped to a steamer at each end of the long sea crossing, which should shorten the time taken to reach Buenos Aires to seven and a half days, and, after experience has been gained, to four, when it is possible that the entire journey will be made by air.

Many plans are being matured, however, for the inauguration of direct air communication between Europe and South America. One which, first advanced in 1920, has now reached the stage of obtaining an official concession from one of the interested governments is that of the Colon Compañia Transaerea, an enterprise in which German and Spanish interests are coöperating, and which has for its object the maintenance of a regular service from Seville to Buenos Aires.

A sea route of six thousand miles in length is obviously one on which airships have an admirable opportunity of proving their utility, and it is proposed to use Zeppelin craft of 3,800,000

[1] From *Discovery* (London popular-science monthly), *February*

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cubic feet capacity, with accommodation for forty passengers and ten tons of freight. The terms of the contract provide initially for the operation of a monthly return voyage, and, later, a fortnightly service. The Colon Company undertakes to institute the service not later than 1930, but it is understood that not only is it likely to be in full operation at an earlier date, but a preliminary voyage may take place this year. Extensive preparations will, of course, be necessary. After the payment to the operating company of slightly more than a million pounds by way of subsidy, the terminal airport to be constructed at Seville will become the property of the Spanish Government. The subsidy will be paid on results, with an annual maximum of about two hundred thousand pounds. The ground organization will include emergency mooring masts to be erected at intervals along the Northwest African and South American coasts.

It is estimated that the time taken by the airship voyage will be less than five days — a saving of more than a fortnight in comparison with the time of the fastest steamship service. A subsidiary weekly service employing smaller airships capable of carrying sixteen passengers and a ton of freight has also, under the Colon Company's concession, to be inaugurated between Seville and the Canary Islands.

The Asiatic System. Poorly served by existing means of communication, a continent of vast spaces, yet of dense populations and rapidly developing industrial activity, Asia should offer to air transport a field for exploitation as promising as any in the world. The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics was, until this year, the only Power which had any substantial aerial achievements to its credit, but the disposition of such lines as Russia has instituted would appear to suggest a strategic rather than an economic objective. Kharkof, which is connected to Moscow by an airway of nearly five hundred miles in length, is evidently destined to be a centre of considerable importance in the air map of the Middle East. Lines radiate from this town to Kief and Odessa in the west, while another, of fifteen hundred miles, runs to Baku and Enzeli, on the Caspian Sea. Dushembe, on the Afghanistan frontier, is to be the terminus of another line from Kharkof, of which only the Tsaritsyn-Guriev and Chimbai-Khiva-Bokhara-Dushembe stages are yet established. Tashkent and Korgos are also in aerial communication, and the extension of this line to Bokhara will bring the heart of Asia into touch with Moscow, and thence with Europe.

Of far greater importance from the commercial standpoint is the project sponsored by a subsidiary company of the Deutsche Lufthansa, the largest German concern, for an eight-thousand-mile airway across Asia to Peking. This vast scheme has been the subject of a special two months' mission which flew the whole distance and has made its report. If the provision of such an extensive system of ground organization as would be necessary does not prove prohibitive, the benefits of such a service offer every inducement for its inauguration. Seventeen days are taken on the railway journey from Berlin to Peking, and, flying only by day, an airplane could accomplish the flight in five. The promoters seem very sanguine of success, and have named 1929 as the first year of the service.

By that time, it may be hoped, the British service across Southern Asia to Australia will be in full operation, although it has received a temporary check from the refusal of the Persian Government to ratify the agreement permitting regular operation of foreign aircraft along the eastern coast

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of the Gulf. The Indian Government has accepted in principle the recommendations of the Air Board that a vigorous development of Indian civil aviation is overdue. If the suggestions in the Board's report are adopted, the first step to be taken will be the initiation of a six-hundred-mile flying-boat service between Calcutta and Rangoon, to be followed by a link between Karachi and Calcutta, by way of Agra, that would complete five thousand miles of the England-Australia airway and provide continuous communications between Cairo and Rangoon. It is proposed in the early stages that military flying boats of the British and Australian Air Forces shall maintain a service between Rangoon and Darwin.

In course of time the Indian terminal of the Indo-Egyptian airway is likely to be Bombay, rather than Karachi, while the Air Board advise early surveys in preparation for lines between Calcutta and Bombay and from Karachi to Lahore.

By next year the Dutch aircraft interests expect to have in regular operation a service linking their East Indian possessions. The existing Japanese system is reported to comprise lines between Tokyo and Fukuoka, by way of Osaka, between Tokyo and Sendai, Osaka and Dairen, and Sakai and Oita, while an ambitious programme of future development has been embarked upon.

An Eastern state which has made greater use of aviation than many European nations of comparable size and greater wealth is Siam, which since 1922 has had in operation a weekly air service in both directions between Korat and Ubon, via Roi Ech, and extended the line in 1924 to Nong Kai. In the same year a branch line from Roi Ech to Udon was established. The system is operated by Siamese pilots of the Royal Aeronautical Service, who have been trained by French instructors and equipped with machines of French manufacture. Few countries have made so extensive a use of the *aérochir*, or 'flying ambulance,' as Siam, six of these machines being maintained for the conveyance of doctors, vaccines, and patients urgently requiring treatment for snake-bite and fever, to the Bangkok Pasteur Institute.

In the early part of this year the French have also promoted a weekly air-mail service in their own province of Indo-China, serving the towns of Saigon, Kratie, and Savannakhet. When this line is extended, as it is proposed, to Hanoi, the eight-hundred-mile journey is expected to occupy twelve hours.

The Australian System. No part of the British Empire has made so great an advance as Australia in applying aircraft to commercial use. The towns of its western coast, from Perth in the south to Derby in the north, are linked by a weekly air service which until recently enjoyed the distinction of being the longest airway in the world. In the east, weekly services are also maintained from Camooweal to Charleville, a distance of 825 miles, and from Adelaide to Cootamundra. The last-named line is supplemented by branch 'feeders' from Melbourne and Broken Hill, over which machines ply twice a week to make connection with the main service. The Commonwealth Government has called for tenders for the operation of an air line from Perth to Adelaide, which would connect the eastern with the western systems, while negotiations are proceeding for a flying-boat service between Tasmania and the mainland.

The further extension of the England-India airway will demand the continuance of the Charleville-Camooweal link to Darwin, while other lines projected are those between Cloncurry and Nor-

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manton, Charleville and Brisbane and thence to Sydney, and Charleville and Melbourne.

The North American System. As in so many countries, the story of American civil aviation since the war is one of unrealized anticipations and of neglect. In spite of the incentives provided by its wide spaces and scattered populations, America has so far failed to develop commercial flying even to the extent of European Powers with less spacious territories and far fewer financial resources. Even though great progress was undeniably made last year and the lines now established challenge comparison, in point of length, with any in the world, they are used chiefly for the carriage of mails, passengers providing only an incidental source of income for a few lines and being entirely unprovided for on most. The great transcontinental line which spans America from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 2665 miles, was, until this year, operated directly by the Post Office Department, utilizing a fleet of nearly a hundred Air Force machines. The carriage of the air mails is now undertaken by independent commercial companies, and subsidiary lines connecting the transcontinental with Seattle, Pasco, San Diego, St. Paul, and Fort Worth are operated under contract in a similar manner. Many extensions of ambitious length are, however, projected, and great activity is being displayed in equipping aerodromes with the lighting and other ground equipment necessary for night flying.

Although mails have hitherto been the staple traffic of all the lines established, there seems no reason why urgent freight and passengers should not be as remunerative a portion of aerial traffic in America as they have proved in Europe, or, in more comparable circumstances, in Australia. The factor which has hindered the development of these traffics in the States has probably been that the form taken by the support accorded by the Federal Government has been that of contracts for the carriage of mails. The contracting companies have, therefore, specialized their equipment and their schedules for this traffic, employing comparatively small, single-engined, open aircraft calculated neither to inspire confidence nor to provide comfort. The commission of multi-engined, enclosed aircraft, such as are becoming the standard passenger equipment on the European air lines, may be expected to open a new phase of civil aviation in the United States.

The Future World Airways. The regional method adopted for the foregoing survey of the world's airways may have obscured the contention with which the first article opened — that the full economic justification of aircraft lies in its employment over the longest possible distances, and that its function is to knit together nations and continents, and not merely to promote political and nationalistic schemes aiming at exclusive regional development in times of peace, and capable of serving military ends in emergency. The map showing the probable main air routes of the not very distant future may help to focus the whole subject in truer perspective. The use of Mercator's projection may, however, cause one suggestive fact to be overlooked, and that is the potentiality of the Arctic and Subarctic in the development of aerial communication between the towns of the temperate belt of the northern hemisphere.

Stefansson, an enthusiast for the Arctic, is a warm advocate of this aspect of airway development. He claims that the Arctic, owing to the equable temperature of its long 'day' and 'night,' would provide ideal flying

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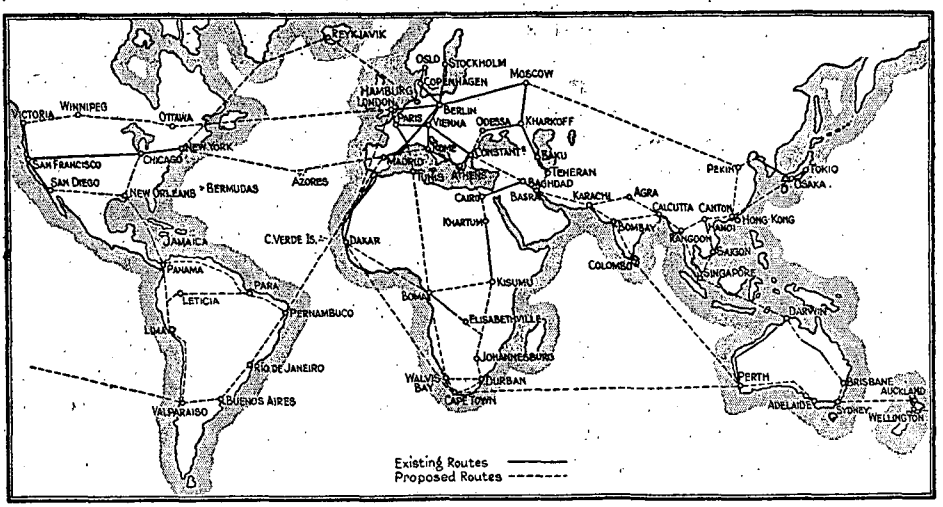
weather for airships, which would be able to fly from Northern Europe in spring or summer, cross the Arctic, and penetrate some distance into Asia before encountering night. The fact that the journey from Britain to Japan, via Spitzbergen, Franz Josef Land, Emperor Nicholas II Land, or Cape Chelyaskin, and thence overland, is three thousand miles shorter than the route via Montreal, and two thousand miles shorter than the journey by the Trans-Siberian Railway, is sufficient justification for the prophecy that the Arctic is likely to have a greater significance in the world airway system than this generation, overfamiliar with the map according to Mercator, would be likely to consider possible.

The social and political implications of the airway form a subject too important and too suggestive to be relegated to a paragraph at the end of an article that has sought only to convey facts and to limit speculation to immediate possibilities. It is necessary to say, however, that just as the progress of civil aviation is conditioned by the readiness with which it is realized that the trade and customs regulations suitable to a sea-and-rail transport era are out of date in the aerial age, so the development of flying itself will help to destroy many hindrances to trade which the nations have erected on their frontiers.

One may confidently predict that the cause of international peace is likely to gain from the progress of commercial air transport — not, perhaps, because contact between peoples always inclines them to like each other better, or, indeed, because the mass of the people will have the means to utilize directly the new form of communication; but because the intercourse that is promoted may minimize the disposition to credit the foreigner with those diabolical attributes that are an inevitable preliminary to war fever. It is an axiom of historical science that the rapidity and efficiency of communication determines the size of the administrative unit. It may not be extravagant, therefore, to suggest that a growing sense of the smallness of the world will in time make a war between nations seem as unthinkable as a present war would be between counties and provinces; and that through the agency of the airway the nations will gradually become more firmly united.



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THE KING'S ENGLISH AND THE PRINCE'S AMERICAN[1]

BY ROBERT LYND

DURING the week I have heard two directly opposite opinions expressed on the Prince of Wales's introduction of American slang into his most recent speeches — the speech he delivered at the dinner of the Birmingham Jewelers' and Silversmiths' Association on Saturday, and the speech he delivered at the O. P. Club dinner on Monday. One opinion was highly favorable. The Prince's slang, it was held, was evidence of a charming disposition to speak the democratic language of a democratic age, and to speak to genial Englishmen, not in the trappings of princely oratory, but as another genial Englishman like themselves. The second opinion was just as unfavorable as the first was favorable. It was to the effect that, at a time when the film and other influences are threatening to defile the English language with the dregs of the vocabulary of Hollywood, the Prince's example will help to popularize the speech of the film caption in England, and that it is the duty of the King's son to defend the King's English against the undesirable aliens of speech.

There is, of course, much to be said in favor of slang on general grounds. A healthy language is not a language created by professors and kept in cotton wool by professors all the days of its life. It is born on the lips of human beings, and orators and authors alike must follow the great stream of living speech. They may attempt to keep its waters from defilement, as laws are made against the defilement of rivers, and they may add their own tiny tributaries to it, but apart from this they have very little control over it. The language accumulates slang in its progress, and later generations discover that it has even been enriched by doing so. The chancellors of the universities to-day probably use phrases that would have seemed the most vulgar slang to their predecessors. Even the greatest purist does not object to-day to the inclusion of the word 'bogus' in a literary English vocabulary, though a hundred years ago 'bogus' was an American slang word meaning an apparatus for coining false money. 'Carpetbagger' and 'bunkum' are other American slang words that have naturalized themselves in English speech, and 'mob' is an example of English slang that was once as vulgar as 'incog' or 'photo.' Slang, as well as Latin, has made its contributions to the rich mixed vocabulary of the English language, and it is only a pedant who would refuse to make use of a good word because of the doubtful circumstances of its birth. Some of the best English of our time has been written by men who know how to introduce a slang phrase in such a way as to surprise us into pleasure.

Apart from this, spoken speech makes many more concessions to the language of the hour than written speech. And speech in conversation makes many more concessions than

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *February* 4

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speech in oratory. In conversation we all use a certain amount of slang. Men of letters, who would swoon at the sight of a split infinitive, such wowsers they are in regard to pure English, will in conversation address you as 'Old thing,' or the latest equivalent of 'Old thing,' will tell you about so-and-so's getting 'squiffy' at a dance, will offer you a 'gasper,' will assure you that they are 'frightfully' sorry about something or other, will ask you if you have heard that some firm has 'gone west,' and will speak of a friend who has 'got cold feet' as a result of some rash enterprise. Conversation cannot be carried on in words like 'irrefragable' and 'mansuetude.' Conversation is, or ought to be, speech in its carpet slippers. It is speech freed from the conventions and not yet arrayed in the 'boiled shirt' of formality. And for some reason or other the slang of the hour appears to put many people at their ease, and thousands of men who would be dumb if they had to speak literary English become perfect fountains of eloquence if they are in company in which they feel free to express themselves in such words as 'topping,' 'top-hole,' 'peeved,' 'chewing the rag,' 'ripping,' 'perfectly marvelous,' 'good egg,' 'fan,' 'under the weather,' 'O. K.' — to name a few of the additions made to spoken English within living memory. If carried too far, this use of language is a corruption of conversation, and reduces it to the level of a scarcely articulate yammer. But, used within bounds, it gives men, and especially boys, the feeling that they are the members of a club, and who can measure the debt they owe to the great freemasonry of slang?

In public speech slang may still be used to some extent, but not to the same extent. Here speech is more formal, and a speaker who got up after dinner and said nothing but 'Frightfully pleased . . . perfectly marvelous . . . top-hole . . . blow-out . . . cheerio!' would be laughed at as a 'boob.' Obviously, however, a speaker may take liberties with the language such as would never be permitted to a writer, and Mr. Lloyd George can use with effect phrases that would be out of place in a leader in the *Times*. The appropriateness of slang in public speeches varies, of course, from occasion to occasion. A phrase that would be permissible at a dinner of the Variety Artists' Federation would not be permissible during a discussion in the House of Lords on the Prayer Book. If a bishop addressed the Lord Chancellor as 'Old top,' or referred to a fellow bishop as a 'rotter,' we should think he had gone mad, though his meaning would give no offense if expressed in more formal English. And, even on lighter occasions, the danger of excessive slang is that it is nearly always, not a means of speaking humorously, but a substitute for humor. Slang is, after all, composed of colloquial clichés, and we get tired — or, if you prefer it, fed up — with an unmixed diet of clichés. This is shown by the speed with which slang phrases go out of fashion. Yes, we do not say, 'Yes, we have no bananas,' to-day.

Such, then, being the uses and the perils of slang, the question remains how far one nation should import the language of another. It is a question on which I confess I am a convinced Protectionist. I should like to see England building a high tariff wall against the slang of America, and America building a high tariff wall against the slang of England. All the really vital words would climb this wall, and yet each country would be left speaking its own language in its own tradition. Americans would continue to 'fall for' this, to be 'up against' that, to 'get away with it,' to 'put it

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across,' and all the rest of it — excellent phrases, racy of the soil, but phrases that look the sorriest weeds in the garden of English speech. American slang is possibly the American language in the making, and it is so sturdy and fascinating an infant that it is impossible not to admire it and to look forward with the highest hopes to its future. American slang, to my mind, however, requires to be spoken with an American accent, and, till Englishmen learn to speak with an American accent, they should not try to talk American slang. Many Englishmen used to look forward to the time when English would be the common language of the inhabited world, and, if that time ever comes, we shall no doubt all be talking with an American accent. In the interests of the English language, however, many people hope that it will never become a world language, and for this purpose they would like to see the English and American languages as independent of one another as French and Italian. If simplified spelling were adopted by one or other of the countries, this linguistic independence would be easily achievable. President Roosevelt suggested the introduction of simplified spelling into America some years ago, and, if he had succeeded in his object, the gulf between the two languages would in time have grown so wide that the works of English authors would have had to be translated into American and the works of American authors into English. Many internationalists would regret this, but there is little evidence in history that the use of a common language makes for mutual understanding.

In the absence of some such drastic measure, it is almost impossible to think of any way of saving the English language from the caption-writers for the films. It would be possible, of course, to pass a law laying it down that, before any American film is exhibited, the captions must be translated into English by the Society for Pure English. But it is likely that such a law would be extremely unpopular, and the general public would look on the members of the S. P. E. as a bunch of rubbernecks. Anyone attempting to reform the English language to-day, indeed, is up against a tough proposition. It is a cinch that he would be regarded by most people as a stunt merchant, and he would be left unsupported except by a few suckers. I doubt whether, if Mr. Baldwin himself put the reform on his parliamentary programme, he would be able to deliver the goods. For one thing, the mutts who go to the cinema would n't stand for it, and it is improbable that the proposal would cut any ice, even among the big bugs of his own Cabinet. You may think it is up to the Prime Minister to do something in the matter, and he is certainly a whale of a Prime Minister at uplift and that sort of thing, but he is not enough of a hustler to put it across his own crowd, who would only chew the rag if he did anything unpopular. Mr. Churchill, I am sure, would regard the whole thing as punk unless he were allowed to put a penny tax on every Americanism used by a British subject in England. That, perhaps, would be the simplest way of saving the language, but it is not likely to eventuate. There are too few pure-language fans to make this possible. How things will pan out in the end I do not know, unless Englishmen as a whole keep their eyes peeled for new American importations into the English language. And the trouble is that not one man in a thousand gives a hoot for the English language — not more than a bell hop or a bootlegger.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

Vagabonds Abroad

THE proverbial freedom of the vagabond is rapidly disappearing. In Germany every man or woman who admits to being a gypsy must now have a fingerprint taken and sent to the Gypsy Police Office at Munich, which attempts to exercise some supervision over those wandering colonies which have steadfastly refused to carry personal papers or to bother with birth, marriage, and death certificates.

In Japan professional beggars have their own union or asssociation, which has protested against the precedent set by the Tokyo police in forbidding the use of miserable-looking children as lures to ensnare the passer-by. These beggars declare that if such children are sent to the state orphan asylums begging will no longer pay. A remarkable change has come over Italy and Sicily, too. Mussolini abolished begging by edict, and even attempted to suppress the mendicant organ-grinder abroad because he impaired Italy's dignity in foreign estimation. And Mexico is following Italy's example. During the Christmas season beggars proved to be such a pest in Mexico City that President Calles ordered the police to arrest them, and provincial authorities were charged to do likewise.

Czechoslovakia has been dealing with beggars in a rather complicated and interesting way. In Prague last winter a system was introduced whereby anybody who felt charitably inclined could buy metal discs from the city authorities. Then, instead of a coin, the mendicant was given a disc, which he took to a courteous and sympathetic, though perhaps not soft-hearted, Welfare Committee. Here he was given food, clothing, advice, and work. The Czechoslovak Government, moreover, is now considering comprehensive and drastic measures to control roving gypsies. Vagrants will be required to possess identity books and to register their fingerprints and firearms.

In Russia hundreds of thousands of orphan children roam over the country, begging or stealing for a living. It is reported that when they became exceptionally annoying in one town the inhabitants organized a massacre and killed many of them, but this story should perhaps be taken with a grain of Siberian salt. Usually when a tramp enters a Russian shop the nearest clerk gives him a nickel. The tramp leaves, having neither asked nor thanked, the routine transaction being taken for granted. Morocco is a veritable beggars' paradise, for the standard of living is so simple that a native can readily disguise himself as a tramp and go on a walking tour. The tramp needs only coffee and the simplest food, and these he can always obtain in a village by gifts of wild fruit which he has picked along the road.

Interviewing Schönberg

WHEN Arnold Schönberg visited London recently, the *Observer's* reporter found this revolutionary musician disinclined to talk or theorize. 'It is all very well,' Herr Schönberg remarked, 'for people who have nothing better to do to theorize about generalizations, but they have no relation to reality, no relation to music. I am more interested

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in the music itself, in the human being and his invention — more interested in the end than in the means.' As the talk continued, the composer finally managed to unburden himself of a few notions regarding consonance and dissonance, which, he said, were merely a matter of degree — implying also that modern composers have not changed the fundamental principles of music, and that dissonance is no more in evidence now than at any other period.

At this point the persistent interviewer suggested that there may have been a change in spirit if not in principle, and contrasted the modern classic spirit with the romanticism of the nineteenth century. He even went so far as to suggest that some of Schönberg's earlier work might be called romantic, but the composer replied that the comparison was unreal and futile. 'You might as well call an airship a yellow bag; it means no more,' he asserted.

Herr Schönberg did, however, admit one important change. 'Early in the century,' he remarked, 'when *Gurrelieder* was written, when the big cities were growing up and there was a demand for "big" works to be performed in the vast new concert halls, composers were writing for the largest possible orchestra and for enormous choirs. But now, with the appearance of broadcasting and the many other changes of recent years, conditions have been changed. In any case, I and other composers are writing a good deal for smaller orchestras. That is, also, partly because when one writes in consonances it is possible to write "on a broad plane," or on a bigger scale; when one uses a greater number of dissonances there is greater need for artistic economy — otherwise the music ceases to be comprehensible.'

Artistic economy might also mean financial economy, and it might have some bearing on the classic spirit which regards economy above all else. When this was suggested to the German composer, he replied like a true musician. He said that the reality or meaning of music had nothing to do with its sentiments; expression and sonority had nothing to do with performance or atmosphere. The only thing that really mattered was the proportion between the tones. As a composer he admitted that all these other elements were of value as means to an end, but he preferred to recognize proportion as the predominant factor. 'It is not, however, a matter of mathematics; for in music, as in painting and in architecture, it is a thing one feels rather than a thing one understands.'

Keyserling on Europe

Count Hermann Keyserling has succeeded in forgetting himself so far as to publish a book called *The European Spectrum*, in which he analyzes the various national characteristics of the Old World. To show, however, that a philosopher can also be a good fellow, the Count tells the story of how a series of articles he had written for an American newspaper were returned for alterations and repairs. 'Shall a Pegasus,' asked the indignant Count, 'become a Ford?' But Ford or Pegasus, the wandering philosopher's present hope is to 'offend all Pharisees, Philistines, and bourgeois, all those who are small-brained, lacking in esprit, and deficient in humor.'

The Englishman is the first object of investigation, and is described as being bound closer to the animal world than the more intellectual Continental. The Englishman, says Count Keyserling, possesses the unerring instinct of a pointer dog and dislikes to offend anyone's prejudices by too forthright a statement. Times are changing, however, and English statesmen, whose

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chief concern used to be eating, drinking, and sport, now gabble about programmes and ideals as fluently as any German. Englishmen have a deep-rooted aversion to thinking, says the Count, and describes the mental process of a typical Britisher as follows: 'I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, — at least, it seems to me so, and I should not wish for anything to hurt anybody's feelings, — that the weather of to-day may perhaps be safely called not really bad, — that would be saying too much, — but somehow less satisfactory than the weather of yesterday. Don't you think so, too?'

Like the good philosopher he is, Count Keyserling is deeply interested in various aspects of love, and, being a follower of Tagore's Hindu notions, believes that women are most beautiful where they are least emancipated. Love, he says, is dying out in Europe, though a really diligent seeker can find it in certain parts of Paris.

France, the Count continues, should disseminate culture and not preach doctrines. Her inhabitants should intermarry with Russian émigrés and thus leaven their inflexible Gallic spirit with a little of the disintegrating Russian influence.

The analysis of Germany is perhaps the best part of the entire book. The author endorses the English dictum that 'if there were two gates and on one were written "Entrance to Heaven" and on the other "Entrance to Lectures on Heaven," every German would choose the second.' Germany is described as sentimental and reflective, a feminine rather than a masculine nation, and incapable of wielding power effectively. Hungary also comes in for a certain amount of praise because of her aristocratic tradition; while Italy is counted upon to play an important part in the rebirth of the pagan soul during the post-Christian era that is following the World War. Switzerland is described as 'a nation of innkeepers and bourgeoisie, of ugly human beings who have followed the laws of mimicry, whose faces are stone, and whose bodies are gnarled as their native rocks.'

The salvation of Europe does not lie in internationalism, but rather in the cultivation of the individual soul of each country. The Count predicts that when every nation has succeeded in producing the highest type of individual of which it is capable Europe will awaken from her spiritual lethargy and give a great message to the world.

Edith Explains

Miss Edith Sitwell has been shouting her wares in the presence of the English Association and explaining to that body just what modernity really amounts to. She expressed a preference for Pope and Dryden, and deplored the kind of thing that is going on all over the left bank of the Seine. The essence of the true moderns, she announced, lay in 'explosive energy,' in individualism and irrationality, in being misunderstood. To prove her point she quoted a little thing of her own called 'Dark Song,' but modestly refused to tell who the author was. This explosive bit of misunderstood individualistic irrationality illustrates an animal groping for consciousness. Here is the way it goes: —

> The fire is furry as a bear,
> And the flames purr.
> The dark bear rumbles in his chain
> Captive to cruel men
> Through the dark and hairy wood.

Our readers need scarcely be told, as the English Association was, that the muted *r*'s give the effect of hoarseness. Miss Sitwell so far forgot her family ties as to quote another example of modernity, from Marianne Moore,

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the American poetess who edits the *Dial* when she is not writing things like this: —

Openly, yes,
With the naturalness
Of the hippopotamus and the alligator
When it climbs out on the bank to experience the Sun, I do these
Things which I do which please
No one but myself. Now I breathe. . . .

At this point we, too, stop for breath and allow Miss Sitwell to say: 'You see, nobody the first time could get the faintest idea what it is about. It has no beauty, but it tells one something. You want to read it twenty times; I did so because I was urged to by Mr. Eliot. It conveys the lumbering gait. The trick of ending the lines with "off," "and," and "a" gives the effect of extreme deliberation and huge size. It is about the indestructibility of matter.'

Then she quoted from a Gertrude Stein poem beginning: —

A coral neck and a little song, so very extra; so very Susie;
Cow come out, cow come out, and eat and smell a little.

Her illustrations were continued with another poem about an orchard courtship in France, beginning, 'A cloud of white,' and ending, 'A whole succession of mantelpieces.' The last suggested French hearths and home life, she explained.

Such is Miss Edith Sitwell's conception of modern verse. In our Books Abroad department we present another point of view.

Bobby Burns in Germany

Dr. Wilhelm Tholen, of Bonn, has courageously translated that familiar and utterly Scotch song, *Auld Lang Syne*, into German. Although Bobby himself might have shuddered at hearing the Teutonic version, he might well have felt some pride in such an endorsement of his sentiments. Here are a few verses of the German, which we present in the optimistic belief that their Scottish equivalent will be recognized by our more convivial readers:

Vergäss wer alter Freundschaft je,
Der er nicht dächte mehr?
Vergäss wer alter Liebe je
Und das, was lang, lang her?

(*Chorus*)
Lang, lang ist's her, mein Freund,
Lang, lang ist's her.
Tun wir in Liebe einen Zug
Auf das, was lang, lang her.

Du zahlst für deinen vollen Krug,
Ich für den meinen schwer;
Tun wir in Freundschaft einen Zug
Auf das, was lang, lang her.

Mein Trautgenosz! Zu festem Druck
Reich deine Hand mir her!
Und dann ein rechter, biedrer Schluck
Auf das, was lang, lang her.

Roman Opera Reborn

The opening this season of the Royal Opera Theatre in Rome inaugurates a new chapter in Italian musical history. Needless to say, the Fascisti have had a finger, if not a whole hand, in this endeavor to shift the artistic centre of Italy from Milan to Rome, where a huge theatre has been erected and equipped with a company as good as any in the world. The new structure, which uses part of the walls of the old Castanzi Theatre, crowns the Viminal Hill. Its stage is as large as that of the Metropolitan, and it boasts even better mechanism and equipment. The surrounding buildings have been cleared away, and impressive driveways now lead to its severely Roman façade.

Ottavio Scotto, formerly with the Colon Opera House of Buenos Aires, is the general manager, and he has gathered together a group of Italian singers, many of them hailing from

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South America and a few from our own continent. Since the seasons at Rome and Buenos Aires do not coincide, many of the artists will appear in both cities, and it is easy to imagine what strong resentment Latin America will feel at this new intrusion of Italian culture. The company includes such distinguished singers as Tito Schipa, Michele Fleta, Giacomo Volpi, Toti dal Monte, Anna Gramegna, Laura Pasini, Claudia Muzio, and Fanny Anitua. Marinazzi, the Sicilian maestro, directs the orchestra, Terragnolo is in charge of the chorus, and Ileana Leonidoff, the prima ballerina, has assembled a group of forty-eight dancers. With true Fascist enthusiasm, she boasts that their natural aptitude convinces her that a revival of the classic spirit of Imperial Rome is at hand.

The outstanding productions of the present season include Romagnoli's pastoral poem, *Daphne*, to the music of Giuseppe Mule, Zondonal's *Giuliano*, and Alfredo Casella's *La Giara*, a symphonic rendering of Pirandello's story of the same name. Stravinski has conducted his *Œdipus Rex* and *Rossignol*. Such famous pieces as *Aïda*, *Carmen*, *Sonnambula*, *L'Elisire d'Amore*, *Traviata*, *Lucia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *Tosca*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana* were also heard.

Above the stage a great shield is fixed bearing in letters of gold the names of Mussolini, Victor Emanuel II, and Spada Potenziani, the Governor of Rome, who is the moving spirit of the enterprise.

The Dying Manx Language

THE Manx language, a Celtic vernacular peculiar to the Isle of Man, is following the same road that Welsh and Cornish have already taken. To-day less than one thousand of the fifty thousand inhabitants of the island have any working knowledge of their native tongue, and only one hundred and eighty use it exclusively. Although Manx bears a close superficial resemblance to Irish, fishermen from the Isle of Man make themselves more readily understood in southern Argyle than in Kinsale, though the differences between the three Celtic tongues are slight. In Manx, for instance, the word 'foot' is *cass*, in Scotch *cas*, and in Irish *cos*.

The Manx language survived the centuries admirably, even weathering the changes brought about by the Reformation. One of the earliest monuments in the tongue is the Book of Common Prayer drawn up by Bishop Phillips early in the seventeenth century, though a few ballads and Christmas carols had found their way to paper even earlier. Only a hundred years ago two thirds of the island's inhabitants did not know English, but fifty years later only one hundred and ninety spoke the local vernacular exclusively.

Manx has a strong Scandinavian flavor, and at least one third of the Manx proper names are of Scandinavian origin, for 'Orry the Dane' was Manxland's first Norse ruler. In the thirteenth century Alexander III of Scotland took possession of the island, and many Scotch Gaelic words thus found their way into the language. The Manxmen's bishop remained Norwegian, and their ruler Scotch, but the close kinship and intimate contact with Ireland led to further modifications, and with the arrival of Engish immigrants the Manx tongue definitely declined.

Place names, however, remain native. Scattered over the island are innumerable farms called Ballaugh and Ballure, which mean 'Place of the Lake' and 'Place of the Yew,' respectively. The mountains are *sliens*, the glens are *lhens*, the bogs are *curraghs*.

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Old customs still survive among the fishermen, who never raise their nets until the sun has risen above the peak of Cronk Ny Trree Laa, the Hill of the Rising Day. Nowadays, however, those most anxious to perpetuate local color are the English immigrants.

The Goncourt Papers

FRENCH newspapers have apparently learned that not only Gallic savants, but also the French people, enjoy controversy, for *L'Œuvre* has defiantly published the full text of one of the secret and forbidden Goncourt letters. When Edmond de Goncourt died in 1896 he left behind him the diaries of himself and his younger brother, as well as about ten thousand letters written by the most eminent literary men of the latter half of the nineteenth century. In his will he directed that the Goncourt Academy, which he founded by bequest, should publish the journal twenty years after his death, and that the legal representatives of the writers of the letters should be allowed access to them.

The Goncourt Academy, like an ungrateful son, refuses to carry out the instructions of its founder. In 1916, at the request of the Academy, M. Painlevé, then Minister of Public Instruction, forbade the publication of either the journal or the letters, and ordered that no member of the public should be allowed access to them; and this interdict has been maintained by his successors, including M. Herriot. It is said that he fears the publication of the journal would cause scandal on account of certain allusions to living persons — an objection which certainly cannot apply to all the letters in the collection.

The son and son-in-law of Zola, who wrote several hundred of the letters, are now threatening legal proceedings against the Goncourt Academy for not permitting them to consult Zola's letters, but M. Rosny, who rejoices in the presidency of the Goncourt Academy, says that it would create a dangerous precedent. He is determined not to let the most insignificant thank-you note leak out of the mysterious archives of the Bibliothèque Nationale, for, although he admits that many of the persons mentioned in the journal and letters are now dead, he fears that their heirs would not fail to defend the memory of their relatives.

But *L'Œuvre*, a newspaper whose circulating medium and news-gathering methods almost rival our American tabloids, has published the full text of a letter written to Edmond de Goncourt by Émile Zola on June 27, 1870, upon the occasion of Jules de Goncourt's death. It is very probable that the letter is a hoax, but *L'Œuvre* has defied the Goncourt Academy and M. Roland Marcel, administrator of the Bibliothèque Nationale, to take the question into the courts. The public has been aroused, and an old controversy has been revived just as the excitement over Glozel was beginning to pall.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Demophon, by Forrest Reid. London: Collins and Company, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[Walter Starkie in the *Irish Statesman*]

EVER since the years of revolution in Ireland literature has ceaselessly reflected the sorrows and pessimism of sensitive writers whose minds are tossed in a surging sea of doubt and uncertainty. We are living in an age of crude realism, and it is only on rare occasions that the poet hears the goblins piping in dusky glen or watches the fairy fires on the mountain. And yet, in spite of that national power Irish writers possess of observing with remorseless fidelity *la réalité douloureuse*, there exists throughout the Irish movement just as strong a tendency toward fantasy and fancy's riotous imagery. We can turn to Spanish literature for a parallel. Spain, which has always loved, as Unamuno said, the man of flesh and bone, and reveled in the satirical realism of the Archpriest of Hita, could yet produce the most exalted of mystics, Saint John of the Cross, and the most fantastic of dramatists, Calderón. So it is with Ireland: on the one hand, the sombre colors of a Sean O'Casey; on the other, the delicate, bewitching fancy of a James Stephens.

Mr. Forrest Reid belongs to the later category. He leaves the door of his house open at night to let the midnight spirits in, and when the rays of the pale moon make the trees ghostly he wanders away in quest of the fairy piping. He does not play a big instrument of booming tone; all his effects derive their beauty from their aristocratic refinement and grace. In some of his former works, such as *Pirates of the Spring* and *Pender among the Residents*, the subtlety of his character drawing captivates us, and we recall the music of his style long after we have left aside the book. In his latest work, *Demophon*, he has turned to Greece for inspiration. The whole book might be called a *rêverie* of Greece, and the author echoes and reëchoes many of the Greek myths which are stored up in our consciousness as an inheritance from the past. Greece to him becomes a symbol — a symbol which inspires him to let his fancy wander through the olive groves of Attica, to climb the mountains and commune with nymphs and demigods who still haunt them. The book relates the story of the wanderings of Demophon, a hero of Greek mythology, who in his childhood was nursed by Deo or Demeter, the Mother of Nature. Deo anoints him nightly with ambrosia, and places him like a brand in the fire, so that there was burned out of him some portion of the gross and earthly element. The mother of Demophon, Metanira, one night sees the strange woman put him in the heart of the fire and rake the ashes over him. She shrieked out 'Witch!' to the stranger, and Deo, after rebuking her for her folly in interfering with a goddess who would have made her son immortal, drives away in her chariot drawn by dragons. But there was still left a portion of the immortal spirit in Demophon, and he grew up different from other children. He was filled with immortal longings, and so he wanders and wanders far away from his humdrum home. He meets Pholos, the centaur, who carries him swift as the wind to Mount Pelion and tells him of the magic of the moon when Thessalian witches draw her down out of the sky to lie foaming and sick on the grass. On the mountains he meets the devotees of Dionysos with their tuneless wood-notes and clashing cymbals as they pass through the mountain passes, lighting them up with their myriad torches. 'A spirit of fear was in the air, and, if the wild creatures had quitted their haunts and sought safety far down on the other side of the mountain, it behooved him, too, to be careful. For he knew how this god filled his worshipers with a mystic passion which turned sometimes to madness.' It is the many-changing god Dionysos who saves

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him from the pirate ship by turning it into a twisted vine. On we wander through the realms of Greek mythology, and Forrest Reid makes all those far-off beings live for us — Glaukos in his watery haunts; Talos, lover of horses, a Pindaric character; the Stone Serpent, and Sophron, the hermit philosopher. One of the author's most charming qualities is his fantasy, which makes him look on these adventurers through the unspoiled eyes of a child the windows of whose soul have not yet dimmed. Too often when we toss about in the cares of life we lose the freshness of childhood's impression. Only occasionally a ray of light comes to us — a recollection of years before when we thought that every gnarled oak harbored a dryad, when the birds were fairy princes under some enchantment's spell, when the flaming clouds at sunset were some Walhalla. Talos tells Demophon the reason: 'The things that happen to us are usually like ourselves, so that when we begin to get old and dull only dull things happen. To tell you the truth, I don't believe that if Pholos were to gallop across our path now I should see him. You would see him, and the horses might, but I don't think I should.'

The most interesting part of Mr. Forrest Reid's book is the first half, with its delightful fancy. When we get to Sophron's cave the shadow of philosophy begins to descend, and the author becomes more sententious. Sophron is a sophist and as gloomy as Dean Inge. He is an apologist for sincerity and simple life; religion to him should be a preparation for life, not a preparation for death. Yet, in spite of that, Sophron lives away from men, a disillusioned scoffer at religion. He is a contrast to the brilliant Euphorion who comes to argue with him. Euphorion and Sophron are the two types of humanity — the one an optimist who accepts the beliefs he has received from his fathers and works them into the web of his destiny, the other a pessimist who wishes to test every experience. To him the best gift that philosophy can bestow is to free his mind from hopes and fears concerning a very doubtful future. These chapters are more sophisticated than the rest, and I prefer to follow Demophon to the house where the witch Xanthis mixes her baleful poisons. We seem to be now in Grecian Sicily, land of magic potions and herbs, lying toward the western dusk and home of enchantments. At the end Demophon has won experience, and meets Hermes, the *diaktoros* of the gods. Hermes plucks one of the golden hairs from his head and places it among Demophon's black ones, thus marking him out as his prize. He has done what Demeter tried to do — he has given him the gift of future immortality. The golden hair will not prevent his growing old, but it is a promise that at the appointed time Hermes will come for him to lead him up to Zeus. And so let us never neglect the stray playmates we meet on our journey — the smallest child among them may be Hermes in disguise; let us roam through the woods and past the hedges of honeysuckle and myrtle, for they may lead us to the magic valley or to the haunts of Glaukos. Let us open wide the windows of our stuffy city offices where we harden our hearts in toil unremitting; the fairies want to enter, and their music is in the air.

Histoire de la littérature et de la pensée françaises contemporaines. 1870–1925. By Daniel Mornet. Paris: Bibliothèque Larousse. 25 francs.

La Littérature française contemporaine, by André Billy. Paris: Armand Colin. 9 francs.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE two books which are now added to the list of those which essay brief but complete sketches of modern French literature cannot be reproached with the superficiality which is so common a fault in the handbook type of literary history. Both these authors are competent, and both will be of value to the English student. M. André Billy is a novelist and critic. He writes from a point of view which is almost entirely literary, and divides his book into the conventional sections — *Poésie, Le Roman, Les Idées.* By the last word nothing very profound is meant, for the writers discussed at most length in this section are France, Maurras, Péguy, Barrès, M. Rolland, and M. Gide. A defect of M. Billy's handbook is that little or no attention is given to the drama — an oblivion which is scarcely deserved.

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But within its limits — and M. Billy is sorely hampered by the fact that his book is part of a series restricted to a common length — this book is well done, and conveys exactly the sort of information which is required by the reader who is more interested in personalities and individual works of art than in 'currents of ideas' and theoretical interpretations. Professor Mornet defines the limits of his book much more precisely, namely, 1870–1925, and adds the words *la pensée* to his title. Whereas M. Billy is obviously most interested in literature as an art, Professor Mornet is chiefly concerned with the development of doctrines and ideas as they find expression in literature. With some pride he announces his abandonment of the easy 'classification by genres,' and substitutes for this an analytical arrangement of modern literature which looks very impressive, but is perhaps more impressive than valuable. The first section of his book is called *L'Évolution des doctrines et du goût*, and the second *Les Formes permanentes de la pensée et de l'art*. But one is baffled in the attempt to discover a reason for dividing authors into these two strange flocks, or for their inclusion in or exclusion from either. This passion for classification on new lines is a little inhuman; it becomes a sort of game to try to guess the case into which Professor Mornet will pin his specimens of the scribbling Lepidoptera. Of course, Professor Mornet knows what he is doing, but it is a question whether this sort of exactitude does not scare away far more readers than it attracts.

Both these writers have approached their task with the intention of being impartial. But should one be impartial about works of art? It is an old question, often debated. Professor Mornet's book is, in fact, as characteristically the production of an erudite luminary of the Sorbonne as M. Billy's is characteristic of an intelligent and well-read novelist. . . .

It appears to us that whereas Professor Mornet's book is more methodical, more profound, more thoughtful, than M. Billy's, its self-imposed discipline, its careful avoidance of passing judgment, and the professor's lack of creative interest, make it a little arid and heavy. On the other hand, there are serious gaps in M. Billy's vivacious little handbook, which are scarcely atoned for by the brightness of his style and the freedom with which he expresses his mind. In fact, by a coincidence, these two books are mutually complementary; each possesses what the other lacks. M. Billy will instruct his readers in the more artistic aspects of contemporary French literature, while Professor Mornet will call their attention to the serious ideas underlying it.

A Survey of Modernist Poetry, by Laura Riding and Robert Graves. London: William Heinemann, 1928. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

This book is a defense of modernist poetry, a philosophical and psychological exposition of it, rather than a survey. It is, of course, ably written and reasoned; but it has the cardinal weakness that it is one grand begging of the question. It everywhere assumes that the stuff it is discussing and illustrating is poetry. Now, the authors are constantly concerned with the plain reader. Well, the plain reader — and that means the plain reader of poetry — may not be able to define or analyze or evaluate poetry; but there is one thing he can do — he can tell poetry when he sees it. And, after all, the test of poetry is its self-proclamation. But much of this modernist work is, on the apologists' own showing, a cipher needing a code. Here, for example, is Mr. E. E. Cummings, the chief apostle of the faith: —

life hurl my
yes, crumbles hand (ful released conarefetti)
ev eryflitter, inga. where
mil (lions of aflickf) litter ing brightmillion
ofS hurl: edindodg: ing
whom are Eyes shy-dodge is bright cruMbs-
handful, quickhurl edinwho
Is flittercrumbs, fluttercrimbs are float-fallin,g:
allwhere:
a: crimflitterinish, is arefloatsis ingfallall
mil, shy, milbright lions.
my (hurl flicker handful
in) dodging are shybrigHteyes is crum bs(alll)-
if, ey, Es

That at the best is hurling a cryptogram at the public and calling it poetry; at the worst it suggests the linotypist's little game

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when he has gone wrong at the beginning of a line. It is claimed that these typographical eccentricities are necessary to the modernist to make himself safe from emendation at the hands of future printers and editors; to have his words understood as he meant them to be, or understood not at all; and to protect his work from the contamination of tradition, dead movements, and worn-out styles. But if the famous movements that the joint authors nail down one after the other are dead, one thing is certain — modernism as here presented is stillborn. The significant fact is that its leading practitioners are nearly all Americans; for, however it may be with music, English poetry is not going to submit to Americanization for the sake of a Cummings or a Gertrude Stein. One of the chapters is headed 'The Humorous Element in Modernist Poetry.' In! As if modernist poetry were not itself a joke, and a dull joke at that. But the real humor of the thing is that the authors of the book should have elucidated and defended the dreary jest with the portentous elaboration of three hundred pages.

The Day after To-morrow, by Philip Gibbs. London: Hutchinson, 1928. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

[*Sunday Times*]

Sir Philip Gibbs is a writer of sympathy and experience, novelist and philosopher — one of the rare examples of successful journalist turned successful author. He is therefore a gleaner both of facts and emotions, and by training adapted for converting his intellectual harvest into a loaf of quality that may be digested of the multitude. This preamble is demanded by the immensity of the subject of his new book, which is nothing less than the whole future of humanity, or, in the words of its subtitle, 'What Is Going to Happen to the World?' For, such a topic being a matter of pure speculation and inference, the value of its treatment is obviously to a high degree a personal affair.

The author has been at great pains to investigate the 'facts and plans' of science, on whose influence over our future he lays the deepest emphasis. 'We really ought to watch those scientists.' . . .

In the matter of transport alone, he ventures to predict, the next twenty-five years or less will alter all our methods of commercial and social intercourse; cars will be obsolete because the airplane will run along the ground as well as fly over it, and national frontiers will cease to exist. The use of radioactive energy is to be enormously developed; heat, light, and sound vibrations are to break down time and distance; television may supersede newspapers; synthetic food made in the chemist's shop abolish agriculture.

But — and here is the perpetual snag in the spate of well-documented prophecy of progress — will man advance, too?

It is curious and distressing that Man, so masterful over the powers of Nature, has not exhibited any evolutionary force within himself since his early history was known. Neither physically nor morally has he shown much development. In industrial communities he has actually degenerated, and even in brain power he is not in advance of his ancestors. The Cro-Magnon man, I am told, living his cave life in the Early Stone Age, averaged six foot, three, with one sixth more brain than the modern European. His senses of sight, hearing, and smell were more acutely developed.

But perhaps man can change himself, too. Glands and secretions can be treated in such a manner as to affect longevity, and even, it is claimed, character; these claims, though they 'sound ridiculous,' the author does not dismiss; they are 'at the gateway of the Unknown.' . . .

But all these forecasts are for the comparatively distant future. As regards the nearer prospects, the author is anything but optimistic in his vaticinations. The world, he opines, is well on its way to a series of new wars, and the fact that nations are brought nearer together by more rapid means of communication makes it the more difficult to isolate the areas of strife. He feels that the terrors are real and urgent; the nations must coöperate or perish. Perhaps, indeed, it is partly his fear of To-morrow that has inspired his speculative enthusiasm for the Day After.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Show Cases, by Jacques Le Clercq. New York: Macy-Masius, 1928. $2.00.

HERE are six short sex stories which may amuse the callous and sophisticated or disgust the squeamish and innocent, for M. Le Clercq has chosen six characters whose composition is far from normal, although perhaps representative of some queer human aspects. Clever narration saves some of the stories — notably 'The Case of Artemys Lynne,' a sketch of an American girl who rises to international prominence through a mysterious power. Another American, Helen White, may perhaps be understood better by readers on this side of the Atlantic, although the opposite extreme, exemplified in 'The Case of Rosalie Dwyer,' is not uncommon.

These tales may have been inspired by Freud or the Left Bank, although they were possibly written with the cold purpose of exploiting the great freedom in choice of subject which our modern authors are allowed. To appraise these 'cases' is difficult. They are sometimes amusing and interesting, but too often the reader feels that they are little more than trash. The more sordid aspects of sex must be handled with more consummate skill than M. Le Clercq possesses.

Christian IV, by John A. Gade. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1928. $5.00.

MR. GADE has written an authentic biography and painted a vivid picture of life in Denmark during the early seventeenth century. A vain but beloved monarch was Christian IV, and his crude but brilliant Court was the scandal and the worry of his simple burghers. These merchants, however, did not provide all the state income, for King Christian strengthened his army and navy to force Holland, England, and other trading countries to pay heavy tolls for using the important maritime passage separating Norway and Denmark. And although the Danish Court could vie in splendor, particularly at coronations, marriages, and christenings, with other European nations, the King found time to defeat Gustavus Adolphus, to increase the power and territory of the Crown, and to play an important part in the Thirty Years' War. Astrologers had accurately forecast his vanity and his weakness for pretty women — traits that enliven and receive due attention here. Mr. Gade's style is lively, and his strokes are broad. He is accurate without being pedantic.

Georgian Stories, 1927. Edited by Arthur Waugh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1928. $2.50.

THIS is a delightful volume of modern short stories, sufficiently varied for the average reader to find several which he may wish to read a second time, and one or two over which he may grow genuinely enthusiastic. Humor and tragedy are deftly handled in A. E. Coppard's 'Silver Circus,' religious psychology in Liam O'Flaherty's sketch of a modern inquisition becomes astonishingly real, and Violet A. Simpson's story, 'A Point of Honour,' raises a nice ethical question. Then there are several stories on love and adultery, always a popular theme, and several others about artists and authors, an altogether too popular theme with writers. A dog story and a tale of ancient Greece indicate the wide limits which the editor has set himself. It is a worth-while job, well done.

Cursed Be the Treasure, by H. B. Drake. New York: Macy-Masius, 1928. $2.00.

PIRATES with pigtails, smugglers, King's men, hidden treasure, fights with knives and pistols, and Gothic mystery, all go to make up this interesting novel. As a boy's book it is excellent; as a contribution to modern literature it is less. The story might well have been written in the nineteenth century, except for what the author has learned

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from Conrad. With all the skill of a well-trained craftsman, Mr. Drake has spun a yarn that is reminiscent of Stevenson and Ann Radcliffe. If the reader can wade through the first fifty pages of the book, which are more baffling than interesting, it is unlikely that he will relinquish it until he has read to the end and solved the mystery surrounding *Maledictus sit Thesaurus*.

China, by Thomas F. Millard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

Books by Mr. Millard on China are sure to contain a much greater share of truth than books by those publicists whose first allegiance is either to the Kuomintang or to the foreign concessions, for he is a journalist *par excellence*, and he can see both sides of the present conflict in the Far East. This may seem surprising when we remember that he has had thirty years of personal contact with China and has been an adviser to her Government; but he has also been the editor of his own sane English-language journal in Shanghai.

The present volume covers the past three years, and clearly outlines the causes of antiforeignism, the aspirations of the Kuomintang and the Anti-Christian movement, and the influence of Bolshevism and Western business. He describes the present situation as inflammable, asserting that 'foreigners and foreign governments have contributed to the confusion in China, but they did not cause it.' Since he carefully 'hedges' on direct statements by qualifying phrases and clauses, his book does not read easily. But *China: Where It Is To-day — and Why!* is valuable because it is written by a man exceedingly well versed in Chinese affairs who has no axes to grind and no panaceas to offer.

Black Valley, by Hugh Wast. Translated by Herman and Miriam Hespelt. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1928. $2.50.

In *Black Valley* we have a romantic novel pure and simple, such as might have been written in Europe during the mid-nineteenth century, and such as Spain and Latin America still produce to-day — thereby testifying to the fact that the literary 'progress' which has given us our Prousts, Gides, and Virginia Woolfs has left some parts of the world untouched. The author of this book is an Argentinian whose work finds a wide audience not only in our southern hemisphere but in the Old World. The story he tells is that of an orphan boy whose father's best friend brings him up on his country estate. The daughter of the house and another girl, the illegal fruit of a Capulet-Montague passion between the sister of the ranch-owner and a hostile neighbor, fight for his affections. The tale abounds in cloaked figures, midnight assignations, tears, and passion. There is precious little psychology, but a welcome abundance of atmosphere and emotion.

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DISCRETION AND INDISCRETION

At least another century will pass away before there will be any danger of having to fight.
— *Lord Cushendun*

* * *

We have heard a good deal about the divine spark, in which animals do not share, in man. What about the infernal spark in which also they do not share? — *Dr. A. Shadwell*

* * *

I have arrived at the conclusion that it does not matter twopence how you spell a word provided everybody knows what it is.
— *The Bishop of Manchester*

* * *

Nearly six thousand girls employed by Messrs. J. Lyons and Company attended the firm's annual fancy-dress carnival at Olympia last night. The first prize for the best fancy dress for women was won by Miss Cornfield, representing a bowl of goldfish. — *Westminster Gazette*

* * *

Alcohol is an infinitely better food than meat.
— *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

* * *

Schreck has had an adventurous career. He began life as a bricklayer, and became a builder and engineer, eventually acquiring, by purchase, the degree of 'doctor' from an American university. — *Manchester Guardian*

* * *

The atrocities in modern fiction would be sufficient to send half our novelists to the gallows if the murder of English was a capital crime.
— *A. G. Gardiner*

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A Turcoing professor of agriculture has been suspended because he supported the Darwin theory of evolution. To his class of forty-five students, all sons of local farmers, M. Rietz, a veterinary surgeon, developed the theory of evolution in relation to stock breeding, and was surprised when one of the students protested passionately against such teaching as being contrary to the teaching of religion. The student was requested to leave the class, but the forty-four others supported his protest and left with him. The principal of the college, on learning of the incident, informed M. Rietz that his services were no longer necessary. — *L'Humanité*

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The only time I send for my doctor now is when I invite him to dinner.
— *The Bishop of London*

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I have always understood Socialism to aim at the abolition of the class war.
— *Philip Snowden*

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I wonder when youth will learn that marriage is a man's job. — *J. A. R. Cairns*

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The worship of Gilbert and Sullivan has become an idolatry which is obstructing the progress of British music. — *F. H. Jessop*

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It is those people who have nothing to do who have time to be melancholy.
— *Professor Grierson*

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There are so many Acts regulating everybody now that we do not know where we are.
— *Sir Robert Wallace*

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I look forward with hope, because of the goodness and self-sacrifice of the quite ordinary man. — *Sir Oliver Lodge*

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As one who has been in England for six weeks, I see nothing to complain of in regard to Canada's weather. — *George Langley*

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Nevertheless, it is very significant and very regrettable that America should be contemplating this naval expansion when all the nations are doing lip service to peace. — *Spectator*

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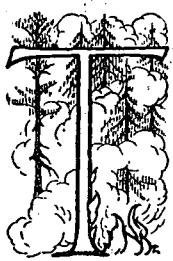

HE bonfire against the trees burns brightly. It is almost as bright as the faces of the campers who are sitting there, telling stories of their experiences. Some have returned from a hike, others from a short canoe trip and the "What did you do's" and "What did you see's" are being asked and answered in rapid succession.

There are many adventures to relate. An eagle was believed to have been seen above a distant rock cliff; new flowers were found; new feats performed.

One may forget many pleasant things of youth, but the memory of perfect days at camp will persist to be shared with others through school and college.

Camp is as much a part of your children's education as school is. It is time to make preparations for the summer now.

If you wish us to help you locate a camp, write, giving details to

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THE GUIDE POST

RELATIONS between England and America remain an important international topic, since these are the only two countries in the world who could conceivably afford a first-rate war in the near future. The *Economist*, representing the attitude of British business, takes the Conservative Government severely to task for the mess it has made during the last year, and introduces a breath of fresh air and common sense notably lacking in the many other recent pronouncements on the same subject.

❦ ❦ ❦

Dr. Colin Ross, having visited almost every part of the world at one time or another, has just returned from Africa. His account of the Dark Continent's 'growing pains' is particularly interesting in the light of England's scheme to construct a vast East African Empire out of her present holdings and the German colonies that fell into her lap after the war.

❦ ❦ ❦

Rote Fahne's version of the Indian situation contains the usual Communist exaggerations, but it shows that the spirit of hostility to England still persists unabated in Radical circles, and calls attention rather spectacularly to a very sore spot in the imperial structure.

❦ ❦ ❦

Although Russia officially opposes any glorification of personality, an understanding of its leading political figure is essential just the same. The Moscow correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* is well qualified to explain the character and significance of Stalin to a curious world.

❦ ❦ ❦

The European press has ignored our unemployment problem almost as successfully as our own has done, and we are forced to turn to the Radical *New Leader* for an illuminating picture of our present plight. Mr. H. N. Brailsford has been lecturing in this country this winter, and knows what he is talking about at first hand.

Anything Professor Gustav Cassel has to say about monetary problems receives respectful attention in high financial circles. In his present article he explains the workings of the Federal Reserve system, and gives us a clue to what Europe thinks of it.

❦ ❦ ❦

Manchuria is already recognized as perhaps the richest land of future promise, and the rivalry between Russia, China, and Japan in that part of the world may break out actively at any moment. *L'Europe Nouvelle*, from which our account of Manchuria and its problems is taken, makes a specialty of accuracy and alertness, leaving opinions out. Mr. Balet, however, would seem to have a slight predisposition in favor of Japan.

❦ ❦ ❦

The three days' revolution at Canton last December subsided as quickly as it arose, and precious little mention has been made of it since. Needless to say, the Communists have not coöperated in this conspiracy of silence, and *Humanité's* account of the uprising not only catches the atmosphere of the affair, but shows how revolutionists go about their jobs.

❦ ❦ ❦

The fact that such a Conservative paper as the *Spectator* should print so vivid an account of the misery in the Welsh coal fields indicates that something is rotten in the state of England. Sob stories of this kind are common enough in the Radical press, but in a so-called 'capitalist' weekly they strike an entirely different and more serious note.

❦ ❦ ❦

Prayer Book revision in England has made religion the topic of the hour, and the Reverend Hubert Handley discusses the hopes of Modernism in the modern world. He, like so many other sincere seekers, finds himself up against the same difficulty that has bothered the statesmen of London and of Dayton, Tennessee.

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